For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

SAMARA

1972



" SUCCESSIS NAUGHT: ENDERYOUR'S ALL."

-Browning



SAMARA 1971 - 1972



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT: ENDEAVOURS ALL" - Browning





Dear Elmwood:

All things come to an end, I suppose. Actually, I am writing these words to you (urged on by our editor who has deadlines in mind), before the end of the school year 1971-72 really comes. Already, as I write, I am touched in anticipation by those thoughts that come to me every year in June. Are they perhaps more poignant than ever, as in imagination I look ahead to the graduation of the last of you that will share all my memories? Some who will leave us in the summer were new to Elmwood when I too was new. Maybe that is a special bond. Others I have known throughout their high school years. Some have been with us a shorter time but have made their mark and will never be forgotten by me or by Elmwood. As always the year seems unique. Shall I ever again meet a 6 U class I feel I know so well, a 6 M so scared of modern history but with such flashes of brilliance, a 5 A so often in hot water but so full of get-up-and-go, a 5 B so fond of parties, a 5 C so talkative and so busy and with such good appetites, a Junior School so full of talent and everything that makes a Junior School tick?

The answer must be of course, that each year brings its new problems but also its new surprises and new joys. New doors will open for you in September whether they are the big doors of universities or the symbolic doors of new courses and new opportunities within our own walls. The old end becomes the new beginning. How fast you all grow and how much we hope for you all, both those who stay with us and those who leave.

Joan M. Whitwill



STANDING: Diana Conway, Heather Nesbitt: Executive Assistant, Sheri Price: Art Advisor, Cindy Leigh, Sue Cohen. SEATED: Penny MacRae: Associate Editor, Mrs. Aldous: Committee Advisor, Marnie Edwards: Editor.

Dear Elmwood:

It is our Easter break and the 'Samara' committee is about to meet its first deadline. As I sit here, surrounded by form notes, pictures and literature of various kinds, I realize just how difficult it is to assemble a book such as ours. New to the job as I am, I must admit that I find the prospect of being initially responsible for the eventual production of this 'Samara' rather frightening. However, I have been assigned a helpful and creative committe whose combined efforts have resulted in a reassuring efficiency. To them I give my grateful thanks.

Special thanks should go to my associate editor, Penny MacRae, whose enthusiastic support and creative efforts these past few months have resulted in the 6 Upper grad write-ups. I greatly appreciated her clever suggestions and unfailing confidence.

I would like to give special recognition to Lesley Forester. She has filled many of these pages with her vivid photography and has spent a lot of time and effort to help beautify our book.

To my financial editor, Lynne Sampson, I give an extra big thank-you. Lynne handled our finances with cool calm and never gave up plugging for advertisements and patrons, even when, at times, she was met with discouraging apathy.

Also too, I wish to thank Sonia Taticek for undertaking responsibility for the junior school this year and we

hope that you girls, in particular, will like what has been done.

I could go on but unfortunately, there is not enough time and space. Nevertheless, before leaving you with a last though, I would like to thank Mrs. Aldous, whose support has been invaluable and Mr. Stan Williams, our 'National School Services' representative, for his helpful advice. Also for his kind patience, while we fussed and fixed our hair, before we'd let his camera click.

Please help next year's committee with suggestions and support. It really does help to feel that the students

are interested and willing to support their year book.

A year book like ours can only be as good as the student body makes it. The committee has done its best in organizing the material, but the content and life of it must come from you. It has been a good and rewarding year. My committee and I hope you like your 1972 Sumara.

With best wishes,

Marnie Edwards

Editor



Nancy Worthen: Head Girl, Mrs. Whitwill, Pat Mullen: Senior Prefect

STANDING: Janie Ginsberg, Marissa Goebbels, Ingrid Sorenson, Sarah Whitwill, Jane Micklethwaite, Marnie Edwards, Diana Magee, Janet Urie, Pat Mullen. SEATED: Nancy Worthen, Mrs. Whitwill





PLUS QUE ÇA CHANGE - PLUS QUE C'EST LA MÊME CHOSE





Nancy Worthen: Head Girl

"The world is so full of a number of things I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings".

"Worth", sometimes known by this other name, has done a wonderful job this year as Head Girl, carrying out her duties with cheerfulness and integrity. One of her greatest assets is that she is a powerhouse of energy and enthusiasm. While Head of the school this year, in the past she has served as Sports Captain, dance committee member, Prefect and ski team trainer. Nancy has been many things to many people; adviser, supporter, leader, but most of all, she has been a friend. Many of us who have been here since Grade Ten can remember the arrival of the girl with the deep voice ("Where's the boy?") who was allergic to everthing, including the uniform! Well she's come a long way since then! Next year, Nancy hopes to major in history at Queen's University and with a history like hers, she's off to an excellent start. We will miss her humor, patience and fun-loving quality but what she has given Elmwood will always remain with us. Goodbye Nance, our very best wishes go with you.

Pat Mullen: Senior Prefect

"and in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter and the sharing of pleasures . . . "

How does one become a Senior Prefect? The answer is simple; you have to be a "model figure" like Olie. Who else of us in 6 U. can remember Elmwood as a boarder? Who would have guessed that among our ever changing ranks we would still have one of the "original young ladies"? Tall and bending with the breeze in her easy and relaxed style, Pat has been a participant of school activities for eight years. Only Olie can remember the days of "Winken, Blinken and Nod", when powder fights were an evening's highlight and pneumonia could be contracted all in a day's work. When she wasn't playing basket or volleyball she was off winning the badminton singles. Pat has gone from being a member of "The Big Four" and a cancan dancer, to the more sophisticated stature of model. Last year, Pat, as head of the dance committee, co-ordinated her talents with students from Ashbury to produce a successful formal. Her year was complete with her winning of the Ewing Cup for character. It has been Olie's long term and varied experience which has elevated her to the lofty heights of her position. Now that the time has come to say good-bye, we're sure she'll agree that even her worst of times have become her best of times. Next year Pat intends to devote herself to nursing and we wish you all the best of luck Olie and hope that wherever you go, you find friends and good times.





Janet Urie: Sports Captain and Prefect

"and blown by all the winds that pass and wet with all the showers She walks among the meadow grass and eats the meadow flowers."

Janet, our fun-time girl and nimble wit, has been the instigator of many a lively afternoon's excitement. After five years at Elmwood, Janet has mounted to the heights of Sports Captain, which she has found to be a challenge, demanding much time and energy. In earlier days, "J-J" has often been front stage in school skits and school pranks. We will always remember her for her star performance in "Romeo and Juliet" as the nurse and her portrayal of Shirley Temple in "Be Optimistic" and "The Cod Fish Ball". She is a faucet of constant comment on most everything that happens and can make even the most mundane moments seem worthwhile. Who will ever forget that "Funny face" and those delightful imitations of Carol Burnett's 'George and Zelda'? The same goes for the girl with the cherry tree in her own backyard. Next year, Janet plans to attend Carleton and we wish her all the best in the future. Janet has been endowed with the gift of making people laugh. Thanks for the memories ----

Nancy King:

"Smile, and the whole world smiles with you."

Once upon a time, 6 U had a little homemaker and dietitian called Nan. She made the most delightful Raggedy Anne dolls and the most scrumptious oatmeal cookies, that would entice any Goldie Locks. Nan has been a member of our cosy family for five years. In that time, we have seen her complete many a sweater and scarf and crocheted square. Nan presents a colourful figure on the ski slopes in her bright orange ski jacket and toque. She has been a part of the Elmwood scenery for quite awhile and in that time, she has contributed to the many memories we all have of the school. Nan hopes to pursue a nursing career but whether this will be in Ontario, is another matter. A true Maritimer at heart, she eventually hopes to settle in the East. Good-bye, good luck and remember us all!





Marnie Edwards: Prefect

"Enjoy each moment. Certain steps in the dance will please you. Do not seek to make the moment last, for that would arrest the dance."

The "Gay 90's" and "Roaring 20's" should have been Marnie's decades when there were some real high kickers and sugar daddies were not a thing of the past. Marnie is like a scrapbook; enchanted evenings encompassed in pressed roses, full of poems and dancing feet that won't stay on the ground. Among her laurels at Elmwood is one accolade that stands out beyond all others, that of Elmy award winner -- Best Actor. Marn has been tripping over the footlights since she was four years old and nothing, "not no one, not anything, not never" is going to deter her from the theatre! She has a vibrancy and a 'joie de vivre' that few can match, which she combines with patient understanding and kindly insight. Marnie will Polka away with life, run bare foot with the wind in her hair and the sound of music in her heart. She will blow King Arthur and his Court a candy kiss, as she leaves the gates of Camelot behind. She will learn to dance and sing and drink a cigarette before the parade passes by, and at the end be able to say triumphantly, "I have dreamed and been somewhere over the rainbow".

Diana Magee: Prefect

"I would that my life remain a tear and a smile. A tear to unite me with those of broken heart; a smile to be a sign of my joy in existence."

"Flap Flap" is our flouncing red-head with Irish green eyes and a light, infectious chuckle. This is "our" Diana on sunny days. And on other days, when the sun is not so bright, we see another Diana, thoughtful, reflective and sensitive. Beloved by the junior juniors, she has been a great success as their Friday lunch "watch-dog". As a reader of deep and wonderful treatises, there have been many great men in her life: Hammarskold, Kafka, Marx, Buddha, Mao, Gilbran - training for the mind and food for the spirit. She has a good, precise and seeking intelligence. Her comfortable hours consist of chats with friends, popular music, lots of tea and Brandy snaps. She enjoys snowshoeing with Sarah, long invigorating walks, planning holidays and driving "the" car. Her closest companion on her snow tramps is Gabriel, part Angel, part dog. We have all enjoyed merry escapades with "Flap". Her future days will be made up of political science, bull sessions and deciding the economic future of her country. The days of wine and roses, fairy tales and princes will go on for Diana. There will always be a Winnie-the Pooh. We wish you well.





Penelope MacRae

"my life is so romantic capricious and corybantic and i m toujours gai toujours gai" Song of Mehitabel

Penelope, whose unoffending motto is "better late than never, " explains "its's all a matter of timing." Curly haired, blue eyed, rosy cheeked, she has for the past two years been an established resident at Elmwood and is still wavering over whether she should buy a school ring and make the union permanent. She is an inveterate tea maker, "three spoonfuls please, " and profound thinker by occupation. In her English class, Penny has shown herself to be a young lady of independent thought. It has been with her sensitivity and kind heart that she has gained the class' respect and admiration. Penny is everything that little girls are made of: sugar and spice, and everything nice; but also insight and understanding which only comes from a wide range of human experience. She is our sunshine on rainy days, our gentle hand in rough weather and our reminder of that "something greater." Next year Penny plans to attend either Trinity or Ottawa U. for social sciences. Adios Penelope, remember our good times!

Olwyn Morrow

"nice is just being free in don't-matter clothes nothing to do--something to climb on--being taller than everyone else."

Olwyn, tall and forever growing, can be found most days lounging in the common room, deeply engrossed in her history text. A member of our merry crew for the past two years, Olwyn has become known for her contact lenses, enviably lanky legs, her fresh morning appearance and her cool, happy-go-lucky disposition. Any morning from 9:00 A.M. to 9:20 A.M. (prayer time) Olwyn can become lost—in thought of course! Olwyn's sense of diplomacy and good humor has added a gentle touch to form life. Next year Olwyn hopes to go to Carleton where she will be able to kick her heels to the back of her head and live a little. May good luck be the excess of your success!





Janie Ginsberg: Prefect and Nightingale House Head

"And at night I love to listen to the stars. It is like five hundred million little bells."

Janie is the quiet member of the form, reflective and pensive. As House Head of Nightingale, she has effectively co-ordinated her house's efforts in school activities. She has been the prime force behind "Nightingale's" school spirit. For many years now Janie has been an active participant in Elmwood's Gilbert and Sullivan' productions. She is an energetic, cross country skier and spends her spare time chasing rabbit tracks. Janie's interests range from her little car, which by the way is an adorable beetlebug, to "living Hebrew". Janie's star shines bright in the East, right over Israel. Next year she plans to participate in life in kibbutz and we are positive that her steadfast and friendly presence will contribute much to whatever she undertakes. Good-bye Janie and take care. Plant an olive tree in remembrance of us.

Marissa Goebbels: Perfect

"You must realize that the only ceiling life has, is the one that you give it."

Early mornings find Marissa stroking her mother's car and feeding it lumps of sugar. She is our Dr. Doolittle, the only one among us who can actually talk with the animals! Marissa and her menagerie have been at Elmwood since Grade Seven and in this time, she has endeared herself to her friends and teachers alike. As the "Latin genius", Marissa has also made her mark in English and Maths. A rare combination and one you don't see every day of the week. In the last year, she has taken up skiing and has become a true enthusiast, frequenting the hills whenever she gets the chance. In the field of class discussions, Marissa has provided much thought provoking insight. Deeply concerned with questions such as the origin of sin, universal justice and man's destiny, she has found her awakened consciousness a heavy, but rewarding burden this year. Marissa is someone who is always willing to help her friends and is known to be a true optimist at heart. Next year Queen's will be given the treat of her animal interpretations but above all, of Marissa herself. We are sure that her good heart, good mind and good sense will bring her many rewards. Elmwood will miss her and her lively personality which has been a part of school life for so many years. Goodbyes are never easy to say, so we'll just say, so long until we meet again.





Jane Micklethwaite: Prefect and House Head of Keller

"The distance is nothing, it is only the first step that is difficult."

For four years now, Jane has been a happy addition to school life. She has always been ready to help in festivities, organizing things to do on rainy Wednesday afternoons and working with the juniors on various secret projects for the House. This year, Janey hit the hills for the first time and though an early casualty of the skiing season, she remains determined to persevere. Always a good sport, she stands proudly behind Keller's successful endeavours. An excellent sewer, Jane passed many Wednesday afternoons sewing her spring wardrobe. Advocate of bake sales and money making schemes, Jane has helped the treasury grow. A math bug seems to have bitten her; two math courses in one year! We're minting a special medal for her bravery. Also taking two Latins, she can tell you of the cultures of ancient Greece and Rome. A blonde head of hair and an enviable complexion coupled with a friendly personality, make up Jane's charms. Fiddley dee, fiddley dum, it's off to Queens she hopes to run! We are sure that her gift of organization and her fund raising abilities will be an asset wherever she goes. Good luck, good-bye and God Bless.

Anne MacDonald: Vice-Head of Keller

"Loneliness remembers what happiness forgets"

Annie is one of the few remaining members of the entering class of '69'. Throughout the years, Anne has proved herself a stalwart supporter of all of Elmwood's activities. Since Anne received her driver's license, she has been seen frequently whipping up and down Springfield Road, between her job and classes. Her questioning and probing mind has been a valuable asset in class discussions. She can be remembered for her mean drive in badminton, her equally challenging game of tennis and her penchant for fresh air. Doors and a window do not a home make, n'est-ce pas Anne? She has also been a dedicated French devotée and looks forward to the day when she will be an accomplished linguist. Anne has been an asset to her House in inter-house volleyball and basketball competitions, as well as being a ski enthusiast. Next year it's heigh-ho and off to Algonquin (or France) she goes! Bon chance Anne and keep wearing that sunny smile!





Ingrid Sorensen: Prefect and Fry House Head

"That my joy gives joy, my hope gives hope and that I can communicate the Spirit living in me not by what I say but how I say it".

For five years, Ingrid's has been a familiar face around the halls of Elmwood. In all the time that we have known Ingrid, she has always been concerned for the well being of her class mates, fellow students and for those beyond the school boundries. Ingrid has worked tirelessly for the benefit of the mentally retarded. Through her many talks to the school, on public speaking days, on this subject, she has been the students' conscience. She has also found time to be an avid participant in the Gilbert and Sullivan productions and was a former Elmy winner for Best Supporting Actor, in her excellent portrayal of the Steward in "St. Joan". Ingrid has proved to be an excellent House Head this year; enthusiastic, patient and determined that Fry shall triumph and win at least one cup in '72. Next year, Ingrid would like to explore the field of psychology at Queen's or Trent and from there, devote her time to either nursing the handicapped or teaching the mentally retarded. Good luck Ingrid, keep smiling and the world will smile with you.

Lynne Sampson

"There is no wealth but life."

Lynne is our class science and math whiz! No mad scientist, she is very down to earth and this quality, at times, has given the class many a chuckle. She is one of the original young ladies who has graced Elmwood with her attendance since Grade Six. And that's a long time! Lynne is our only classmate to have more classes with Ashbury than without--no easy trick. The high point of her school week comes Wednesday afternoons when she can fly down the ski slopes at Fortune. An expert skier and tennis player, Lynne is a sports addict. As Financial coeditor of this year's "Samara", she has dauntlessly persued advertisements and patrons for the Samara's pages. That's no easy trick, either! Next September, Lynn will be leaving Ottawa to study business administration at Queen's. We know that Lynne's abilities and her friendly good humor will bring her much success. She has been a loyal Elmwood supporter and we wish her well. Good fortune Lynne!





Shelley Conder

"Time flows too slow"

Early morning spares frequently find Shelly braving the cold morning air, butt in hand, sitting out on the picnic bench in the smoking area. She is the only girl in the class who actually talks with her hands! Last year, Miss Condor was an active participant of House sports. However, the current year finds her totally absorbed in extra curricular activities. Six foot two, eyes of blue . . . has anybody seen her guy? An avid English student, Shelly has decided to employ her talents in the field of journalism and plans to persue her interests at Carleton. Our very best goes with you Shelly-hope to be reading you soon!

Lesley Forrester

"Goodness is something so simple: always live For others, never to see one's own advantage."

Lesley is our fast wheeling girl about town. This is her first year at Elmwood but it hasn't taken her long to establish her reputation among all forms. Through her family tree, hung on one of the highest branches, is her famed uncle, Long John Silver and lower down, her cousin, opera singer Miss Maureen Forester. Lesley will be remembered for her modern lingo, incessant shutterbugging and musical abilities. Les has been a flamboyant member of the basketball and volleyball teams and is truly a jack-of-all-trades, proving herself to be a talented photographer, composer of music and a sports enthusiast. Lesley's zesty personality has provided many a fun-filled frolicsome period for 6 U and it is her intent to attend Carleton next year. Her positive approach should bring her much success. The best always and we'll miss you, Lesley!





Molly Marion

"We are as gods and might as well get good at it. So far remotely done power and glory - as via big business, formal education, church - has succeeded to the point where gross defects obscure actual gains. In response to this dilemna and to these gains, a realm of intimate personal power is devloping - power of the individual to conduct his own education, find his own inspiration, shape his own environment and share his adventure with whoever is interested."

from Purpose

of Whole Earth Catalogue

Molly is one of the Daughters of the Revolution, coined in 1776. Just turn Molly sideways and you'll see what we mean. She is a mind of all times; universal in her breadth and uncompromising in her trusts. Wherever Molly goes, treasure her.

- the spectres

P. S. Dear Molly, we wrote this for ourselves.

Inge Uhrenbacher

"Da stech ich nun, ich armer Tor Und bin so klug als wie zuvor".

Inge is our enchanting European with blonde hair and brown eyes. Quiet and unassuming, she has a tranquilizing quality when situations seem to be riding beyond control. German by birth, she has a cosmopolitan outlook on life, no doubt a product of her varied diplomatic life. Inge has been at Elmwood since Grade Nine, where she was a shy little girl in braids learning her English. Older and wiser now, her sophistication is inbred. An expert skier on the hills, she presents an elegant figure in her blue ski jacket. Inge has so arranged her timetable that she has Monday and Friday afternoon free to ski--she has always had a good perspective on how to enjoy life. Her many talents find expression through her languages, music and art. Her sojourn at Elmwood has been a pleasant one for us and next year, Carleton will be graced with her enchanting presence. We will miss your charm, Inge.





Sarah Whitwill: Prefect

"I have had playmates, I have had companions In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days."

Sarah is practically an institution at Elmwood. She has been here eight years! Once having hair so long she could sit on it, she surprised us all this year with a daring new French cut. At school, her responsibilities have been many. As a Chapel monitor, Sarah has had to rise with the rooster and with the aid of a few willing helpers, set out chairs for the Staff and her grateful peers. The large black Bible and all those hymn numbers have acquired a special meaning for her, just like her early morning typing classes; "gaily, gaily over the keys we trip". Sarah is the class Cookie Monster! She loves her dough and crunch granola. Together, these make Sarah a very healthy girl. Snow-shoeing has become a serious sport this past winter, ever since she discovered that handsome forest ranger, Smokey the Bear! A strong swimmer and tennis player, she is a good sport. In the Autumn, she will become the star pupil of the Food Service Administration course at Algonquin. Sarah has a special way with people; kind, patient and gentle. Her words are always thoughtful. We are all very fond of her and wish her the best always.

Leslie Tench

"In all the world, there is no lovelier thing than friendship . . . " $\,$

Leslie, our "sensuous woman" and one of the new additions to the class this year, can be found any morning sitting on the third floor sink, giving lessons to us girls on how to "turn on". This chipper, cheerful, blond bombshell (à la Jean Harlow) has fitted in admirably with the insane atmosphere of 6 U. Trips to Toronto pots of tea and racey books have taken up a lot of Leslie's spare time--how-ever, she is nevertheless the wiser. Next year, Leslie has planned a career in--yes, you guessed it --at McMaster University. Good luck Leslie, we are confident of your abilities and are sure you will be a cracker-jack of a social worker.





Beatrice Hampson

"I am tired of this hypocrisy and stupidity, of the boorishness of officials, I am tired of having to scrape and invent safe and harmless phrases."

Bea is the girl with the scathingly brilliant ideas! Bright eyed, baby faced (just for innocence), booting the bumptious, she eclipses her classmates with her sheer vitality. She returned to us this year to resume her career at Elmwood after spending two years at a school in Switzerland - a skiing school, wasn't it Bea? Despite the time she has spent on the slopes, she has done very well scholastically. Gymnastically, she has been a stalwart supporter of Elmwood's basket and volley ball games. Bea has a fascinating laugh, rosy and infectious, and heads always turn to look at this blithe and mirthful damsel. Next year she hopes to attend Trinity College in Toronto. May "Saint Hilda" always smile upon you, Bea!

GRAD WRITE-UPS: Penny MacRae Marnie Edwards

Mary-Pat Curran

"All to myself, I think of you, Think of the things we used to do, Think of the things we used to say, Think of each happy bygone day."

Mary-Pat, better known as "Roe-Roe", was our red headed Irish Colleen. Roe had a long and active history at Elmwood and to even begin to list the occasions on which she took part, would take chapters. There were moments however, which are impossible to forget: the music classes with Mrs. Grills in Grade Ten, her little jokes (all shades), the water fights in summer, the snowball fights in winter, her stories of weekend escapades, her trips to E. R. Fisher's and how she loved the '50' crowd. Mary-Pat also continued to be champion gum chewer of 6 U. despite the prefects' efforts. It is her lively personality and her ability to laugh at almost anything that will ensure her championship for all her good times ahead. This year we lost Mary-Pat early on to Business College and our very best goes with her. Remember, "Roe-Roe", that wherever you go, somewhere, Sir Lancelot salutes you!



6M - Grade 12



Dorie Blair



Sheila Bolton



Dale Carr-Harris



Sue Cohen



Nancy Gall



Wendy Hampson



Rehana Khan



Zorina Khan



Diana LaFreniere Lesley Murdoch





Shareen Marland



Rosamund Morgan



Pat Lynch-Staunton



Sharen Nadolny



Jane Nicholls



Sheri Price

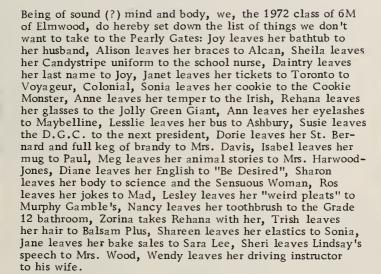


Joy Ramcharan



Lesslie Ross

Last Will and Testament of 6M





Mary Elinor Snelgrove





Anne Stevenson



Janet Westphal



Sonia Topelko

Mrs. Harwood-Jones

ABSENT:

5A - Grade 11



Cathy Ashton



Talitha Fabricius



Ann Graharı



Cathy Ginsberg



Alison Green



Luziah Ismail



Lourdes Jiminez



Roberta Laking



Ann Worthen



Heather Nesbitt



Ara Nixon



Alison Schofield



Daphne Snelgrove



Daniela von Mirbach

ABSENT: Cindy Leigh Jill Hepworth Mrs. Richards

5A Form Notes

Cathy Ashton - 'A salt and batter-y' Talitha Fabricius - 'Tuck trucking' Ann Graham - 'Caught breaking out' Cathy Ginsberg - 'Disturbing the Peace' Alison Green - 'Charged with attempting Sui Sang' Luziah Ismail - 'The Great Commoner (impersonating)' Jill Hepworth - Loitering in Mrs. Whitwill's office' Lourdes Jimenez - 'Cruelty to Animal' Roberta Laking - 'Contempt of Court' Ann Worthen - 'Called to the Bar' Heather Nesbitt - 'Parking Violation' Ara Nixon - 'Putting Accent in the Wrong Place' Cindy Leigh - 'Breaking the Feed Limit' Alison Schofield - 'Impersonating an Officer' Daphne Snelgrove - 'Indecent Exposure' Daniela von Mirbach - 'A Dangerous Provocateur' Mrs. Richards - 'Leaking Math Secrets'



5B - Grade 10



Barbara Coyne



Miss Outwin



Diana Conway



Karen Hayes



Donna MacPhee



Janis Robertson



Jennifer Miles



Elizabeth Marion



Cathy Guthrie



Lesley Ogilvie



Janet Hayes



Carol-Anne English



Julia Clubb



Deborah Williams



Jane Baxter

Sandra Kovachic

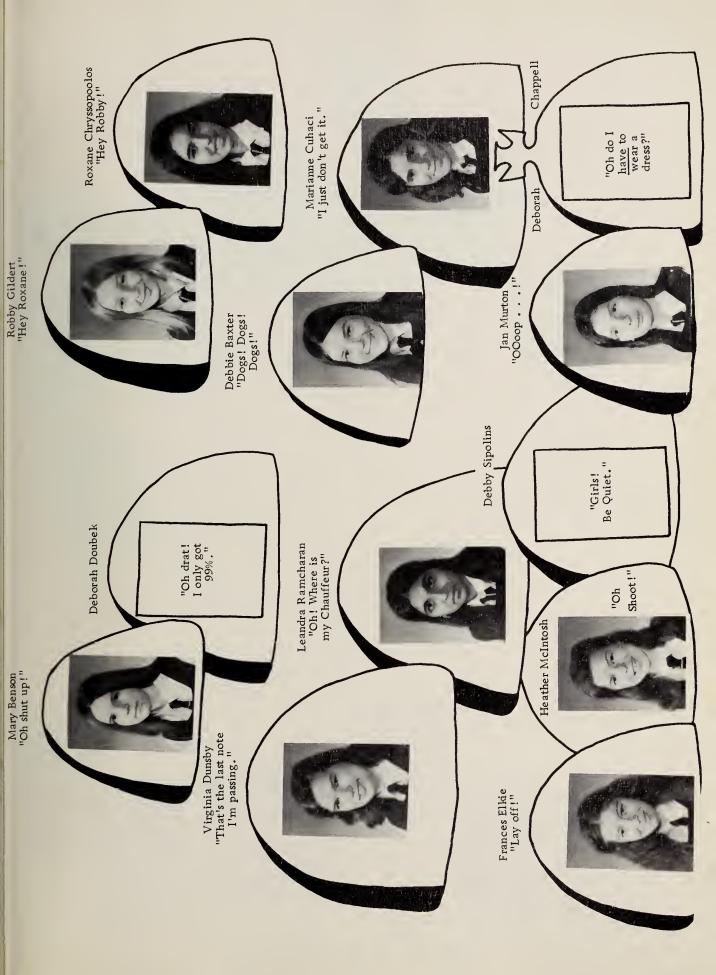


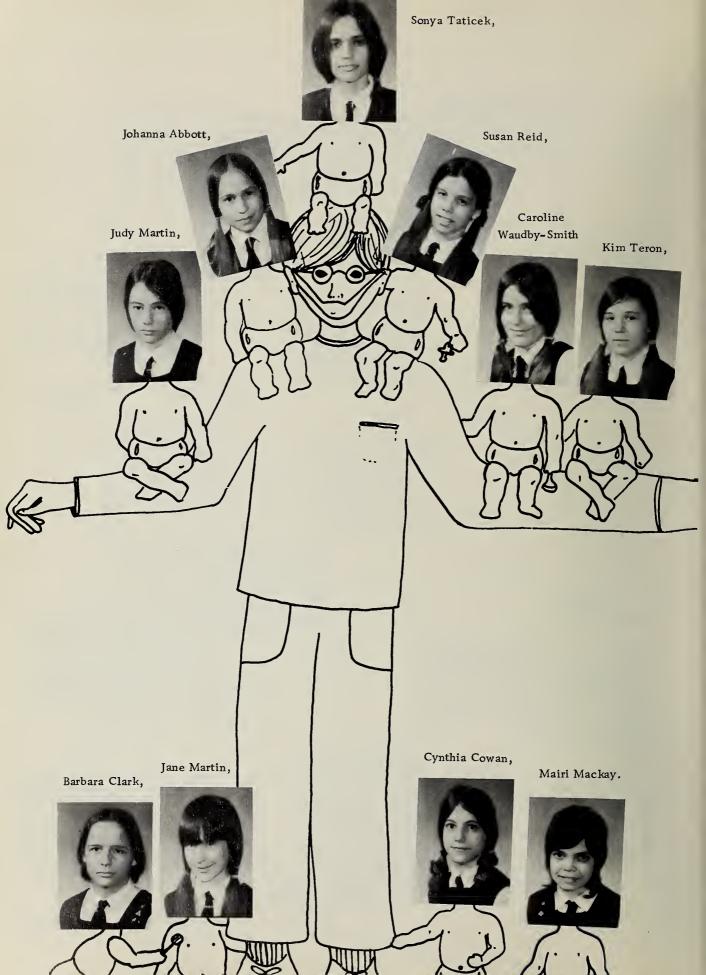
Karen Turner



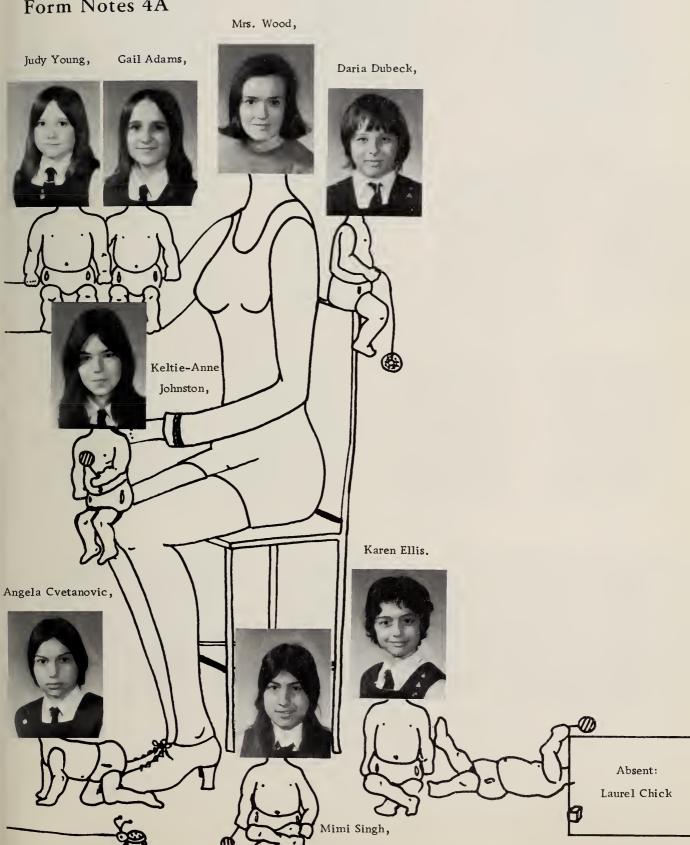
ABSENT: Lesley Macmillan Jennifer Leger Anne Simmonds







Form Notes 4A



Form 4B



Jane Burke-Robertson



Mrs. MacRae



Megan Chappell



Florentia Conway



Carol Enahoro



Ailsa Francis



Jennifer Harris



Jennifer Johnston



Sandra Sutherland



Donna Lurtz



Deborah Masterman



Wendy McGillivray



Marie Pawlikowski



Carla Peppler



Raine Phythian



Lindsay Price



Jane Scarth



Elizabeth Sellers

Form Notes 4B

It was a cold winter's day, especially in the SELLERS. I LAMONTED at going out in it. MAC had said that there wasn't going to be one RAE of sunshine that would CONWAY to the earth and he was right. GOD the MASTERMAN had no pity on us. JOHN'S SON and THOM'S SON said that the birds had gone to the SUTHERLAND and he also had been right. Even the SOURIAL that my wife made for me had frozen just because the window was open. But I was off to the CHAPPELL to . . . wait . . . I'd forgotten my SCARTH.

I went back to my house and had a hard PRICE to pay from my wife when she started to HARRIS me.

After ENAHARO and a half of argument, I had to go and buy LURTZ OF PEPPLER and salt. As I was walking to the store, I saw the third and the fourth and then the PHYTHIAN. I turned around in time to see BURKE ROBERTSON PAWLIKOWSKIED in the face. We bandaged him up and FRANCIS he's alright now. Finally I got to McGILLIVRAY'S Meat Market, but I never ever did get to the CHAPPELL.



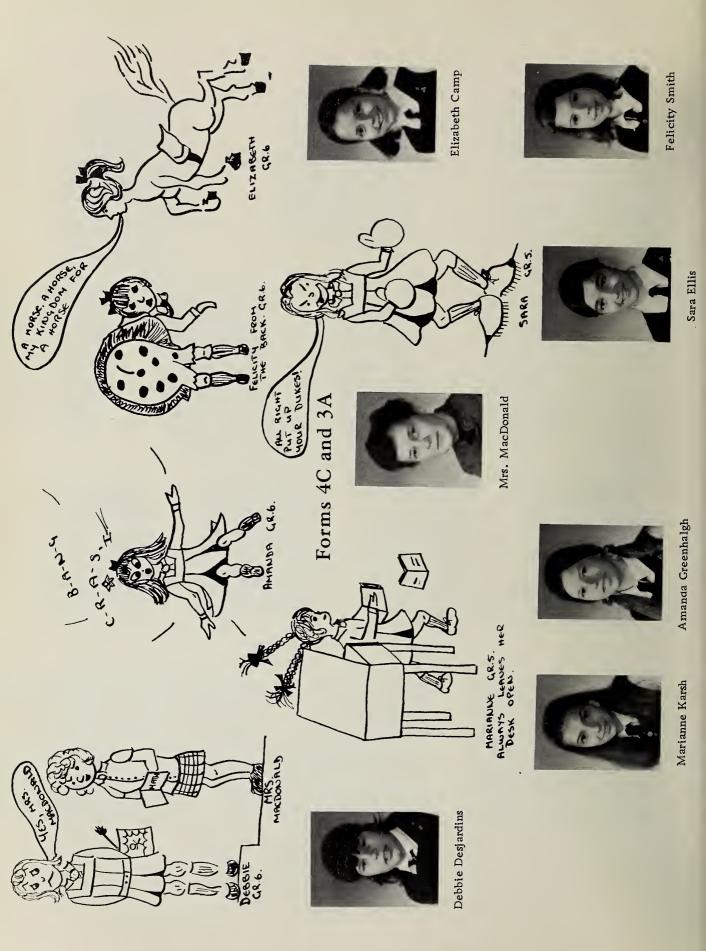
Susan Sourial



Virginia Lamonte



Naomi Thomson



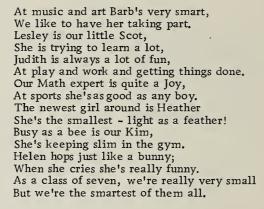
Katherine Green

Form 2A & 3B



Mrs. Stevens

Form Notes





Judith Bisiker



Lesley Banner

Joyce Eaglesome



Heather Lawson



Helen Richards

ABSENT: Barbara Ballantyne Kim Nawrath



The Mentors Who Lead Our Flock.

THIRD ROW: Mrs. Uhrenbacher, Mrs. Wirick, Mrs. Labossiere, Mrs. Micklethwaite, Mrs. Stephen, Mrs. Danis. SECOND TOW: Mr. Whitwill, Miss Ward, Mrs. McRae, Madame Jutras, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Green, Mrs. MacDonald Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Earle, Miss Noseworthy. FIRST ROW: Mrs. Routliffe, Miss Outwin, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Whitwill, Mrs. Oldous, Mrs. Harwood-Jones, Mrs. Richards. ABSENT: Mr. Micklethwaite, Mr. Thomson, Mrs. Perley-Robertson, Mr. Hyndman, Mrs. Metuzals, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Laidler, Miss Prevost.









Pumkin pie and witch's brooms,
Rosy cheeks and apples too,
Lots of children, lots of fun,
Hallowe'en has come and gone.









SPORTS

THE SWEET ELMWOOD DIRLS

Oh this is a tale of the sweet Elmwood guid Their eyes bright and wining, their hair al-in curls, So lovely and gentle, a sight to behold, So poised and so graceful; at least so I'm told. Yet something transformed them there out on

the court,
Their eyes started flashing, their hair pulled back short,
Oh who could believe that just for a time,
They were fierce and ferocious, as you'll hear in this rhyme.

There was Fighting Forrester out

bold,
Who with only a stare could not cold,
And Terrible Tali, though seems.
On the court could out rebound and

any guy,
And Rollicking Ranje, though not
Could leap into the Beasties and still
up with the ball.
And shy little Cindi, in her eye such a

gleam,
Wowed all the boys by splitting her seam.
And sure mooter Shelagh, a forward by tra
Used to scream with manner with each
basket she made.

Yet the funniest basket ever to the seen
Was Leger in white passing to Nicon in green.
Indicate the seen that the control of t

Then there was Bea, always dashing about Our only fear was that she wouldn't foul out, a rebound or jump none could come near, Looked as
She'd fly down
Her opponents knew her to see her, bu
And demure little Donna, our guard so
Was always racing down the court to be
For each large Beastle that came barreling down,
And nearly knocked poor Donna onto the ground.

stand und basket to see if they dare, would so high that none had a chance.

And come do the ball with such elegance.

And little Lesley O smile on her face ball, would just sit down with

grace,
While Lesley Mc. did a lay up with ease,
In practise that is . . . not in a squeeze.

And Bashful Bev would guard with such care
And rebound and pass and hope someone was there,
While Wacky Wendy a rookie so new
Would leap up and down not sure what to do,
Yet put in a clutch she was always awake,
And could be seen running down the court on a break.

We must not forget the devoted lasses
Who, for our benefit even missed classes.
Roz, Roxanne and Roberta, with mathematical powers,
Worked on their figures for hours and hours,
And did their very best with the score
Even over the content of the c

season has come to end,
ruises and bones a chance to mend,
't win, so says the score,
so much more.
at, your attitude keen,
y your layed every team.
though the going got tough,
Team is made of GREAT TUFF Well for Lets give We real Your sp

































Sports Report

I would like, first of all, to thank all the girls who participated in sports this year. Unfortunately Elmwood lacks more people like those who have played for the school. The girls who played on our team were enthusiastic and tried very hard, never complaining about sacrificing some of their spare time for practises.

This year we played volleyball and basketball against some of the larger high schools. Although we did not win, many of the games proved to be an invaluable experience and we hope for better things in the years to come.

All our thanks goes to Mrs. Sutherland for her coaching and encouragement. Also, thank you girls who helped referee and the kind few who came out to cheer our team

Janet Urie Sports Captain



BACK ROW- Sonia Topelko, Olwyn Morrow, Lucy Ismail, Anne Graham, Molly Marion, Karen Hayes, Marianne Cuhaci. FOURTH ROW- Lesley Macmillan, Donna MacPhee, Debbie Chappel, Sheri Price, Meg Snelgrove, Nancy King, Lesley Murdoch, Leslie Tench, Isabel Douglas, Cathy Guthrie. THIRD ROW- Trish Lynch-Staunton, Penny MacRae, Ann Worthen, Mona Rangongo, Angela Cvetanovic, Wendy McGillivray, Debbie Desjardins, Daphne Snelgrove, Cathy Ginsberg, Heather Nesbitt, Sue Cohen. SECOND ROW- Jane Burke-Robertson, Nadine Cvetanovic, Kathy Whitham, Megan Chappel, Raine Phythian, Hazel Eaglesome, Cynthia Cowan, Susan Sourial, Marie-Louise Pawlikowski, Caroline Waudby-Smith, Marie MacKay. ROW- Jennifer Harris, Judith Bisiker, Catherine Harris, Janet Urie, Marnie Edwards, Jane Micklethwaite, Anne MacDonald, Heather Lawson, Lesley Banner, Lindsay Price. Absent- Dorie Blair, Shelley Conder, Janet Haywood, Ros Morgan, Pat Mullen, Debbie Sipolins.

Dear Keller:

It amazes me when I look back to see how fast this year has gone. The terms have rolled by and

now it is time to say good-bye.

Keller's house mottoe is "Fair Play" and you, as a house, have fulfilled it. You have played fair and supported me through bake sales, book sales, the Sticky Tape Contest and Chocolate bar sales. Although in Spirit Week our 'soup bowl on plate' snow sculpture didn't win, the spirit generated by our attempt was wonderful to see. With the new system of house points, we managed to stay near the top with much help from the Keller members of Grad 11, with their participation in Cafe 5A. Sports may not be our strong point but bear in mind, Keller, the school motto "Success is naught; endeavour's all". Also, lots of thanks are due to Anne MacDonald, my Vice Head, Cynthia Cowan the Junior Head and Caroline Waudley-Smith, her Vice, for all their help to me.

It saddens me to say good-bye to Keller after four years. You've been a great House and I know you'll continue to be one. Lots of luck in everything you attempt, Keller, and may it strengthen

the bond between each one of you.

Jane Micklethwaite



BACK ROW -Lesley Forrester, Dale Carr-Harris, Karen Turner, Talitha Fabricus, Alison Urie, Liz Marion, Heather McIntosh, Tina Cole, Daneila Von Mierbach, Diane LaFreniere, Alison Schofield. FOURTH ROW -Leslie Ogilvie, Debbie Baxter, Wendy Hampson, Daintry Smith, Jennifer Miles, Judy Martin, Sheila Bolton, Florentia Conway, Rehana Khan, Leigh Saunders, Sonia Tatichek. THIRD ROW - Wendy McPhee, Sandy Sutherland, Beverly Woods, Anne Braithwaite, Gail Adams, Debbie Masterman, Mary Benson, Julia Clubb, Sue Atack. SECOND ROW - Carol - Anne English, Shelagh Hurley, Sandra Kovachic, Debbie Williams, Elizabeth Sellers, Joanna Abbott, Naomi Tompson, Carla Peppler, Cathy Green, Janet Murton. FRONT ROW - Judy Young, Victoria Gall, Joyce Eaglesome, Nancy Worthen, Ingrid Sorenson, Sarah Whitwill, Helen Richards, Marianne Karsh, Felicity Smith Ara Nixon, Jenny Johnston, Joy Ramcharan, ABSENT - Zorina Kahn, Barbara Montgomery, Barbara Coyne, Ranjana Basu.

Dear Fry:

It is hard to believe another year is coming to an end and it is time to say good-bye. In looking back, we have in many ways accomplished what we set out to do. Remember those house meetings every Tuesday morning (groans and sighs!)... "Please bake!" "Bring your money in, repeat, does it register?... "Spirit Week is coming!" It has been a good and successful year. We have done well in all areas of school life, especially in sports where the enthusiasm and participation have been great, thanks to Allison and Sonya. I have often wondered how fifty-three girls could manifest our motto "friendship to all" but it has been shown in our attitude towards our school and each other. Your enthusiastic support and friendship have meant much to me and have made it possible to carry out our special projects such as bake-sales, Christmas carolling at Porter's Island, cooking for Parents' Night and Spirit Week. We have had many happy moments—our Christmas parties and winning the sticky tape contest.

Friendship is another kind of love. It is a happy feeling you get when you are laughing and sharing--

building a snow castle around a flagpole--and when you spend quiet moments together.

As the year has progressed I have come to know you as a group and as individuals, unique each in your own special way contributing to Fry House, making the House what it is. It has been a rewarding experience for me and I thank you all for your support, especially Sarah and Nancy, my prefects, for their guidance and encouragement. My appreciation goes to Ara, my vice-head for her enthusiastic help, and to Judy for being such a good Junior House Head.

Saying good-bye is more diffiuclt than I realized. A House is only as good as the people in it. I wish

I could say what I feel, but in parting I would like to leave this thought with you. . . . "If only we may grow firmer, simpler, quieter, warmer". Good-bye to you all. Good luck, Fry!

Much love Ingrid



4th ROW: Lesslie Ross, Janet Westphal, Virginia Dunsby, Nancy Gall, Jane Nicholls, Shareen Marland, Lourdes Jiminez, Keltie-Anne Johnston, Jill Hepworth, Jane Baxter, Janis Robertson, Roberta Laking, Carol Enahoro. 3rd ROW: Roxane Chryssopoulos, Diana Conway, Cindy Leigh, (Vice) Andrea Linton, Kim Teron, Laurel Chick, Susan Reid, Victoria Woods, Mimi Singh, Virginia Lamont, Ann Perley-Robertson, Sharen Nadolny, Roberta Gildert. 2nd ROW: Cathy Ashton, Frances Elkie, Deborah Doubek, Jane Scarth, Anne Stevenson, Karen Ellis, Barbara Ballantyne, Daria Doubek, Leandra Ramcharan, Emily Conway, Alison Green. 1st ROW: Ailsa Francis, Sara Ellis, Amanda Greenhalgh, Kim Nawrath, Diana Magee, Janie Ginsberg (House-Head), Marissa Goebbels, Francesca Coe, Elizabeth Camp, Donna Lurtz, Barbara Clark. ABSENT: Beatrice Hampson, Inge Uhrenbacher, Lynne Sampson, Jane Martin.

Dear everyone in Nightingale,

As I am sitting here wondering how I am going to say what I have to say to you all, I can hardly believe that my time has almost ended as head of Nightingale. At times throughout the year, it was difficult to arouse some House spirit for our various sales and sports teams. But somehow we always seemed to manage. Certainly our chocolate bars were a success - thanks to you all.

I would like to thank Cindy for being my helpful vice-head and also for her total participation and help to the sports teams. I also want to express my gratitude to Marissa and Diana, who constantly supported me in all my endeavors. And last but not least, I want to thank each and every one of you... for just being yourselves. Strive to be truly happy.

All my love and best wishes for the

future,

Janie

"It has been said that we bring nothing into this world and take nothing with us when we depart. But that was written of material possessions. All of us bring with us the need to love and to be loved and take with us, in spirit, the knowledge of having loved and having been loved... So I wish for the ability to remember the good things and forget therest, to create new memories and to be sustained by trust and hope and courage; and always try to understand."



SPIRIT WEEK!















Junior Choir

THIRD ROW: Donna Lurtz, Laurel Chick, Carol Enahoro, Keltie-Anne Johnston, Florentia Conway, Sandra Sutherland. SECOND ROW: Jane Scarth, Wendy McGillvray, Kim Teron, Lindsay Price, Karen Ellis: Chapel Monitor, Jenifer Harris, Naomi Thomson, Elizabeth Sellers. FIRST ROW: Judy Young, Debby Masterman, Jane Burke-Robertson, Catherine Harris, Helen Richards, Heather Lawson, Felicity Smith, Carla Peppler, Raine Phythian.

Senior Choir

Gilbert and Sullivan who are known for their light hearted librettos were again honoured this spring in the Elmwood and Ashbury joint production of the Mikado. The authenticity of the staging cannot be denied - "it was like wall to wall kimona," one delighted viewer said.

Among the many who lended their talents to this play were Trish Lynch-Staunton as Yum-Yum, Diana Conway as Pitti-Sing, Janie Ginsberg as Peep-Bo, Janice MacRae as Katisha, Sean Power as the Lord High Executioner, Koko, Doug Pierce as Pish-Tush, Willy Liang as Nanki-Poo, and Geoffrey Thomson as Poo-Bah, that lord of everything else!

It was evident that a lot of hard work had been put into the production by both those on stage and by those who worked behind the scenes. It was a stage preformance that will be remembered by those who saw it, but especially by those who took part.

P. M. and M. E.



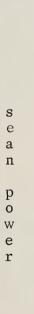
doug pierce



diana conway



willy liang and trish





y n c h s t а u n t o n



cindy leigh





Alison Schofield, Alison Green, Jane Nicholls, Leslie Ross.

Library Committee

The year 1971-1972 was a year of many changes at Elmwood and none more noticeable than in the library. To begin with, the old classroom in the front hall became the new location. (The old library is now completely junior). With the addition of new carpets, an armchair, curtains and a window seat, it truly became an inviting room.

Was it really just a library; what about the discussions, teachers' luncheons, meetings and innumerable study periods? Anyway, the changes in the library are not over yet. Next, more shelves are planned for more books. New shelves are always necessary to house our constantly growing selection of books. That will be even better next year, if all books are returned.

Library Committee

Cathy Ashton, Daphne Snelgrove, Marianne Cuhaci Mrs. Laidler

Sui Sang Committee

Dear Foster Mothers,

I greet you with the respect you deserve, hoping you are in good health along with your dear families. My Mom, sibs, grandmother and I are well.

Let me tell you it is so hot here in Guayaquil and we are having lots of down pours. Streets get flooded and look like rivers.

Must inform you I got my report card but failed three subjects - Spanish, History, and Geography - I am studying hard in order to pass my make up exams in April.

Your foster child, Gabriel

Dear Sponsors:

How are you keeping these days, my dear sponsors? Thanks to your kind assistance, I am studying hard and obeying my mother very well.

I have well received with much thanks the grant 5, 400 won, with which I paid my school fee. My dear sponsors, thank you again for your great kindness. I don't have to worry about my school fee now. But for your help, I can never enjoy my schooling like this.

Here in Korea, the flowery spring will come again soon. I wish I could send you a bundle of beautiful spring flowers here, but you are too far from me.

My mother is hospitalized owing to her pleurisy. I am trying my best to take good care of her and pray to God for her complete recovery.

May God bless you with good health and happiness always. Goodbye for now.

Love From, Hwang Jung Sook





Reach For The Top

"I was petrified. They had boys on their team! Who knows how many home runs Russ Jackson made??"

"l enjoyed it - We lost by such a small margin. Next year we'll be city champions right team?"

"I found it a riot, insane. I liked the commentator, he looked really nice in make-up!"

"I said that the Pacific Ocean was the biggest inland salt water reserve! 1 told him - Believe it or Not!"

Sheila Bolton, Rosamund Morgan, Nancy Gall, Lesley Murdoch

Creation is something all of us participate in at one time or another. It is an expression of your thoughts and feelings, and in this way is something very beautiful.

This year has been a first at Elmwood for film-making, with the production of our short, but hopefully expressive, film. As any piece of creative work goes, a good deal of enthusiasm and patiece was required, and our group had more than enough of both. We worked together, we came to understand together and we created together.

It is impossible to recognize you all individually, but a special thank you should go to Mrs. Aldous for her encouragement and to those girls who worked closest to me. I also give my thanks to Cris van Tanton and Pamfret for their assistance in lighting. Thank you all and please feel that you have helped create something I like to think is beautiful because we did it! We didn't accomplish it alone, we did it as a school, working towards a common goal.

My love to all of you, Lesley



Janet Westphal, Mona Rangongo, Ranjana Basu, Joy Ramcharan, Dale Carr-Harris, Lesley Forrester, Sheri Price, Meg Snelgrove.



SENIOR PUBLIC SPEAKING Winners: Susan Atack Sheri Price



JUNIOR PUBLIC SPEAKING

Winners: Sonya Taticek Lindsay Price

JUNIOR RUNNERS-UP Deborah Desjardins, Joyce Eaglesome





This year, Alison Urie, Ann Perley-Robertson, Sharon Nadolny, Shareen Marland and myself have put our best efforts forward in an attempt to create a memorable and enjoyable year, in regards to dances. We had four dances in all, including one semi-formal. The groups which accompanied these dances were Weight, Merge, Chest Fever and Cane.

Besides the usual bake sales to raise money, we had one very successful fashion show which supported three dances and made quite a memorable evening. One funny moment was when the raffle prize, a beautiful mink scarf, was won by a twelve year old Ashbury boy. The Spirit Week "Spirit Queen" contest was our contribution to the week's festivities and made for an entertaining lunch hour. All senior grades participated enthusiastically, but grade twelve's delightful firefly Sue Cohen outshone the others and was crowned "Spirit Queen."

However, the big event of the year was our Spring Formal, which took place on May 13, at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club, thanks to the kind sponsorship of Mr. Worthen. The group who played was Merlin and I think that everyone enjoyed the music.

A special thank you must go to grades eleven and twelve, and to Mrs. Aldous and Mrs. Whitwill. Also too, must be included Sean Power and Marc Dugay, whose assistance was greatly appreciated. Thanks to everyone, who gave the dances their support. It is the committee's hope that you have enjoyed all the fun. We certainly have!

Best wishes, Rosamund Morgan, Dance Committee Head



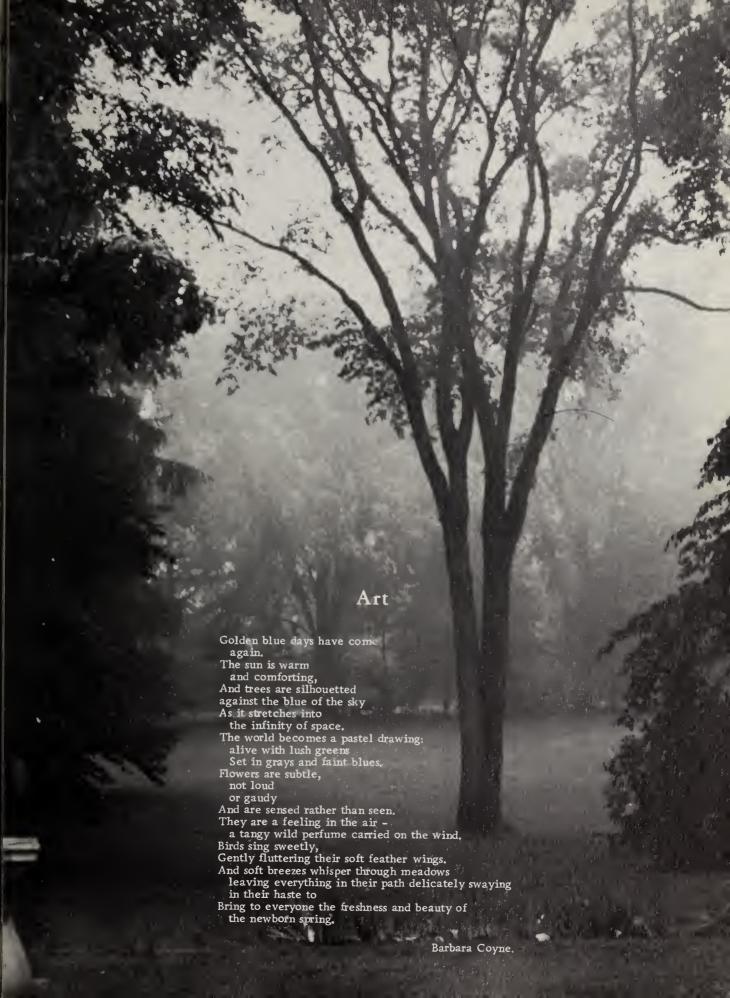




"Happiness is as big as a dream that comes true And as small as just doing as we like to do."









THUNDER

"I don't like the rain."

You never have -

You lean across the bed and turn on the radio

Just in time for the news.

You listen to the reporter announce destruction, reaction, misery, the weather Everyone killing and everyone dying.

You lie there, consciously satisfied to know that other people dislike the rain too.

I just watch you - staring into the dark 4 A. M. Radio City. Only the profile of your stare.

Morning begins to stir the world.

Music is playing but I still hear the rain. "Makes things fresh, cools things off and helps them grow." - you don't like the rain.

You sense me watching and turn your head away momentarily. 3 and a half beats later

You look at me. I wonder where you've been all night.

You raise your hand to stroke my hair Instead you touch my cheek.

The rain stops. You get up and open the window.

The breeze is refreshing - you get back into bed, switch off the radio, turn to me and say -

"It left a rainbow."

Your eyes close, now reassured of this day's life, And you dream on secure in the rainbow's promise. I am tired, not used to looking for a hopeful end. I hope I understand.

I turn over and close my eyes.

My price for this peace is two unexpected tears Happy I sleep. I know that this morning Even the flowers cry.

Marnie Edwards

Faust and its Modern Application

"A good man with his groping intuitions still knows the path that is good and fit."

To be wise is not necessarily to be kind, intelligence is not a prerequisite for compassion, brilliance is not a guarantee of humanity. Without the essential ingredient of empathy, all talents become null and void.

The process of training for the professional mind so often results in the loss of its inborn intuitive quality. For some, education is an awakening. For others, it is a dehumanizing process and the end result is to make statistics out of men and debates out of human suffering. The human touch is irrevocably lost.

The professional is so often denied the opportunity to relate hypothesis to reality. Rationality is whittling away at the rights of the born and the unborn.

It could be said perhaps, that the refinement of the mind is cutting back on the spontaneous outgoing of the heart. The intellectual despises the hand outstretched in need and those who lend their aid are condemned as "bleeding hearts." Literacy is partially undermining our common kindness.

For the one who is not divorced mind from heart, the road ahead is plain before him, although he may occasionally falter. The highest ideals may be undone by human fallibility. Perhaps the gentle fool who knows only his own heart is often best equipped to help his fellow man. The simple being is often a greater influence for good than the brittle tongued academic.

Penny MacRae

Do you seek the world's edge?
Turn your boat into the twilight
and behold, legends live again The mariners' tales are not forgotten

We glide between reed fantasies Of dark lines of greyness Perfectly mirrored Above our heads - is it water or sky?

All around us the mist has trapped sunlight - See how it swirls, rose and white;
A puff of wind would turn it blue as evening.

Water smooth in dim silence,
Mist soft in grey light;
I know one ends and the other begins but where?
Turn your face to the island
dark with tree-shadows,
bright with the lights of men.
Turn your boat home again
from the world's end, and wait The time will come.

on Democracy

O pretty butterfly: upon your silken wing so free, a tiny speck of dust I see!

Marissa Goebbels

Roberta Laking



Autumn leaves blowing in the wind,
Remind me of you.
They move with abandon, free and easy They settle around my feet,
Seemingly to worship me, as you do.
They look to be smiling and happy,
Even though they will never return
Even as we will never return to
moments past.

Leslie Tench

"Why must people make the act of love a smutty, vulgar thing?"

"I know. It doesn't make you think there is much hope left for Humanity, does it?"

"We're lucky though aren't we, I mean, we really know what love is."

"Totally and completely - yes we are."

"I love you very much you know; never - please never, forget it."

"I know you do - I won't forget."

"And me - do you love me too?"

"Yes."

"Tell me then. Let me hear you say it."

"I love you."

"We're not wrong, I know we aren't."

"Alfonse, tonight - " his voice broke off.

"What Leslie? What about tonight?"

Their eyes met in complete understanding and he knew.

"Les. - ?"

"Yes, Alfonse, yes!"

I am tall and fair, but when I stand beside you your shadow makes me seem so small. I want you to hold my hand to remind you that I am here.

Luziah Ismail

DAVID

time finds me standing here looking for you longing to be with you.

that time will come.

the trees are ablaze and slowly, one by one, they are blown by every breath of the winds. heaven ceases to exist while i watch my shoeless feet being covered with falling leaves.

i am - i suffer.

as i look out of the window, november frost hinders association with others. sultry snowflakes flirt with lifeless branches and get no response from the slumbering oaks. snowflakes flitter about me and i wait.

i sleep - wake me.

puddles are everywhere but as i gaze at them, i find reflections being distorted by continuous drizzle which brings all to life - but i find myself still parch and undivided.

i pine - comfort me.

now the sun smiles upon the open fields. here i sit under the shade without you. no light can penetrate through shadows, wanting love and warmth. you took with you my life.

i beg - i am poor

time has called me here and i suffer no more. i waited, and i awake. i flourish and live in wealth. you and i together again.

that time has come

I wait for you You will not come You say you are too busy living To stop and die a moment In ecstacy with me.

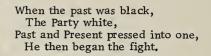
Marnie

From the sapient moon a golden road, a single peach blossom on it, slips softly down to darkest earth.

Marissa Goebbels







He thought and loved and read,
Acknowledging his inevitable end
In uncanny thoughts of death,
Issued by the torture bed.

But with the will crushed and the thought hushed Big Brother accepted that new formed love Now if he could, Winston would Insert that the Proles of Sad, poor mind Were the only hopes left to free mankind.

Talitha Fabricius



By Debbie Williams

THE NIGHT SKY

The stars at night shine so bright,
They look like little specks of light.
I tried to count them one by one
And realized it can't be done - at
least by me
And then I said in my head
The God who made them, he must know.
Another night, another light
The moon together with the stars
Illumine the sky and drive away
the shadows of the night.

Jenni Johnston

The moon is made of green cheese, The stars of yellow butter, The sun of golden treacle tart, Oh what a lovely supper!

ETERNITY

Torches burn,
Worlds turn,
Eternal love,
Infinite time,
Eternal existance
Contrasts to mortal life
Fulfilled in strife Eternity.

Ranjy Basu



Isabel Douglas

Loneliness, shy, Shy, fear, Fear, desperation, Desperation, death How can you live and not talk? How can you say words with meaning when you don't know how? How can you live, without having to face the realities of talking? How sad love, when you can't? How can you say what you want, but fear comes first and stops it? Fear of what people think Fear of being shut out Fear because shy How can you say you love? How can you express your feelings without talk? How quickly they fade into the future What can you do? "nothing". Loneliness, shy, fear, desperation, death Time to die, you can't say anything to stop it How quickly you fade into the past.

Anne Worthen

NIGHT RAIN

Drops in a pool of darkness Silent as a summer breeze Tiny white splashes In a black, black background And little darts hitting The ground at a hurried pace That is a midnight rain

And then as the first rays of sunlight appear Only a few drops fall Now Those that are there are Golden pink And this is the end of A summer's night rain.

Jennifer Harris

FALLEN FUTURE

Transparent bits of coloured glass Lying on the bare earth, Everyone, part of a dream, That was precious but fragile As a dew sprinkled web. Little bits of smooth, sharp glass. Lying on the bare earth, Everyone a burnt memory. Weathering the storm And turning to dust, Losing its existence.

Carol Waudby-Smith

In The Attic
Sunspecks,
casting patterns on an old deserted table
backs bent, hovered
with the insane swagger,
They race lazily across the oak
And the frenzied toasts
ring clearly through the air.

The glasses are lifted, and smashed, cracked dreams, Reflections on a dull chimney of a sudden shadow changing the trend.

Ingrid Sorensen



When you go for a walk You often leave the last person you see Behind you, standing with an open mouth Because you want to walk alone.

Before you put on your boots You reflect on the salt stains Whitening them And your coat feels heavy as the sun grows Warmer.

Sifting through you is the smell Of wet wool and sweaty socks. Around you on the floor lie broken shoelaces. One brown worm is broiled by the March sun Reflected from the mirror.

Walk down the hall, run your hand Along the wall and feel it Pulling your palms, like eels Hear your feet tap the dirty floor...

Smell the pungent things Released by melting of snow and The sun will melt the ice from your soul, And the wind will blow life at you.

Nancy Gall

By Anne Worthen

"You saw him die" the voices howled. "You saw the dark man pick up the knife and kill him. The dark man knows you saw, and now he will kill you"

Pale faces dangled in the hollow night, while the voices whined and echoed in my pounding head. "Run" they screamed. "Run"

I ran, blind and mad, down the dying grass-covered hill towards the woods on the far side of the valley, and the dead man laughed as I ran. The real world, the logical one, had torn away and I was caught in one of nightmare and insanity . . .

Centuries later 1 stumbled amongst the trees. Dead leaves swirled at every step. Trees pressed closely until 1 reached out for support, and then they laughed and pulled back. The freezing leaden sky pressed down, yet burned from the running. The earth reeled drunkenly under my feet. 1 tripped and fell, but I could not land - I fell past the years of my life, through the ages that would come after, past the ends of the earth, until the speed of my falling was swallowed in blackness.

When the darkness passed, I was in a corridor. I knew it well, but it had been changed somehow. The air was the deep blue of the late evening, which shone through the windows. I was on the second floor of a public school, standing at one end of the corridor. The far end was nearly obscured, but there was some light from an exit sign - a dull, crimson glow. My danger was at that end, and I had to get away before it saw me. I darted around the corner, through the fire doors, and into the north wing. Here all the light was that dull red, and the danger lurked everywhere. I turned into the first room on the right. Through one of the windows I saw a paved courtyard where there should have been grass. Fire trucks grown small with distance were linging up to shoot water at the red light. The second floor had become the twentieth or maybe the hundredth, for the red light was now far below. The room I was in was plunged in silent gloom. The danger was gone for the time being.

I had to escape, but I had no control over my coming and going. The darkness was now everywhere, and only the window ledge and the floor under my feet showed one that I was still there, wherever "there" was. The red light and the firetrucks, the school and the earth - all had disappeared. Only the darkness, the room, Death, and I remained.

I watch. There is a single girl standing at a window in the midst of blackness, looking out of the window into the void beyond. Though her back is always to me, I know she has no face, Until her fate comes she will stand, frozen and helpless.

When that door opens, I will turn out the light and wait . . .

Ling was my cat A nice Siamese, He sat in my hat And loved to eat cheese. Hickory dickory dock, The mouse ran down the dock, The boat came in and he fell in, Hickory dickory drop.

Lesley Banner

SWING SONG

Here I go up in
the sky
Ever so high
And
now
I
go
down
down
down,

Barbara Ballantyne



Cock a doodle dee, My master bruised his knee, My mistress fell into a lake, And now you can't find me.

Picture - by Virginia Lamont

ROBIN HOOD STRIKES AGAIN

One day, John, the guard was looking out of the window. He wanted to make sure that Robin Hood would not strike again, In the middle of the night there was a crack. John knew it was Robin Hood. But John was wrong, it was the king himself. John was ready to hit. Then the door opened - CRASH! Down came the vase right on the King. Then John realised that it wasn't Robin Hood. It was the King! The next day the King had a bump on his head. The King called John and said, "Did you do it?" John said, "Yes, because I thought you were Robin Hood." "Tonight find Robin Hood," said the King to John. The next night Robin Hood came. John heard a crack and thought it was the King. Robin Hood opened the door and John just sat on the chair. Then Robin Hood sneaked up and killed John, so nobody knew what happened.

Barbara Ballantyne

PRINCESS ANN GOES OFF THE CLIFF

Princess Ann was sleeping. Then she was sleep walking. When she walked out of the front door and through the woods and around the pond and suddenly she walked off the cliff. She woke up and grabbed a branch that was sticking out of the cliff. When it was morning she called, "Help, Police, Help!" The police came and told her to jump. The branch broke and down she went with the branch.

Heather Lawson

She said she would come At once, and so I waited Till the moon rose In the October dawn.

The Monk Sosei

Dear as remember'd kisses after death, And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd On lips that are for others; deep as love, Deep as first love and wild with all regret; O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

Alfred Lord Tennyson

I may live on until I long for this time In which I am so unhappy And remember it fondly.

My eyes have drowned in silent tears, An agonizing death by drowning. No one ever hears the screams until the struggle's through And even then, they hesitate To touch the corpse they might have saved.

Fujiwara Nokiyosuke

The flowers whirl away In the wind like snow. The thing that falls away Is myself.

Kintsune

Marnie Edwards



Today I feel small, almost nothing at all I have left the big days behind me, And I creep into the ones ahead Days of sunshine, rainbows, laughter and friends Sail away like balloons at a fair -I cannot get them back. One, two, three, four Tears are these I keep for such occasions. Memories on stained glass stand propped against the wall of my mind. Thoughtful reflections on memories once mine -Parting words and oaths of love, The tear streaked faces of friends are the rosary beads I wear around my neck. As this train moves on I feel so small Almost as though I were nothing at all, Next to the loneliness that fills this empty seat beside me.

Marnie Edwards

The flowers. More and more kept coming. Their heavy perfume followed her whereever she went. Poinsettias, lilies of the valley, great fat mums, lined against the walls, sitting on tables. Their odour hung like a pall over the house, smothering all happiness.

The flowers were as all pervading as her relatives. Aunts, uncles, cousins, godparents with their red rimmed eyes and dripping noses. Their ugliness was rooted into their black habbits . . . odd contrasts to the bright flowers, red, vellow, white. She couldn't escape from the heavy scent and there was no flight from their heavy arms.

"Oh you poor thing, so young, so . . . "

Then the tears would fall, making her wet and uncomfortable. She tried blocking her ears, but their broken voices could penetrate her mind.

There was no escaping the tired, broken look of her mother who had only her left to make life worthwhile, the monotonous voice of the minister that droned on and on, the sniffs of many noses. Whereever she looked, there were small white cards with "Deepest Sympathy," or "We share your grief," scrawled across them lying on tables, floors or sticking out from bouquets of flowers. She wanted to laugh, to chase away the gloom, the sorrow, the empty feeling. But still the heavy odour of flowers pressed closer, killing the laugh within her.

Her black dress. How she hated black. It was too sombre and depressing. It aged her, belied her ten years and its darkness seemed to mock her for her white face and pale hair. She stood out from the bright flowers, a different object.

The room was dark, and except for a pale winter sun shining through a window. The figures seated between the flowers blended into the background, except for their pallid faces and wide eyes which focused on her . . . She wanted to run, but she couldn't move.

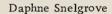
Why do they cry? He's only left for the day. He'll be back, with Rover beside him. He's not gone, like they say, "to live in heaven." He'll return. Rover will be with him and we will play in the snow. I'll be fishing with him this summer. He'll come home after today. And when he comes in he'll order all these people with their dripping noses and red eyes to go home. He'll throw all the flowers out with them too. How surprised they'll be. Thinking they've fooled me. Trying to trick me by crying and wearing black. I know he'll be back, he always comes home. Why do they keep staring? I'm trapped in their stares. But he'll come and help me bear it. I know he will. I can't believe their stories.

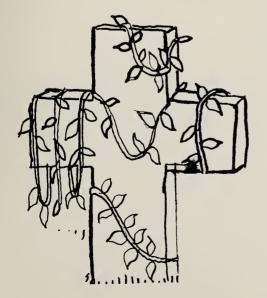
She wanted to play, to evade their sympathetic glances. What did they know of anything? She wanted to depart. But where was there to go? Aunts, uncles, cousins, godparents, they were all about, part of the flowers and the darkness. The smell of tobacco, coffee, flowers blended together. The sounds of sniffles, crying, the rustling of stiff, black brocades formed a monotonous, penetrating noise pounding into her head.

Her eyes were heavy, and she seemed to be falling through the air; falling... midnight. The clock struck, but the house was silent and dark. No sniffles, no crying, no brilliant flowers with their heavy perfumes. Where was she? Where were the faces?

"It's not true: he'll be back. It's not true . . . "

She was in her bed. But there was no heavy dog at the end keeping her feet warm, no Rover to wake her in the morning. The emptiness increased. A log fell in the grate. But there was no soft singing as he went to bed after preparing the fire for the morning. No sweet acrid smell of a midnight pipe. No creak of steps on the old staircase. And then she understood and cried.





The lilacs were given to me by him, They were to say "good-bye," he said. I did not know he'd die today.

Marnie Edwards



By Dorie Blair



By Sharon Nadolny

I LOVED YOU.

I sat there drinking my coffee You said nothing. You never even looked up. Hans walked in and said good morning You wouldn't answer him. Even when Bruce and Angela came You still didn't say a word.

Noise all around. It didn't seem to bother you, Although I knew you hated it. Silence. They all left.

You still didn't speak, even to me. I got up and started to wash the dishes. You got up; came behind me And put your arm around my waist. Then you kissed my cheek and left.

I finished the dishes, Went to the living room and Cried, knowing I'd never see you again. You were gone -Gone to die for your country.

Roberta Gildert

I wish I were a Spanish dancer Like Anais Nin, whose eyes Were clear like seas And rimmed with black, like horizons.

She inhaled smoke of French cigarettes And ate French lambchops While Egyptians asked her To dance for them.

Anais sent women gifts of flowers But read her journal with men. She sat on kitchen tables And writers cooked supper for her.

I wish I were a Spanish dancer Like Anais Nin, whose eyes Were clear like seas And rimmed with black, the sunset behind them.

Nancy Gall

By Jean-Paul LeDuc

SONGS

The life of the world is a song,
Sometimes joyous, sometimes sad;
Music to the world, for the world
It picks out the beautiful
And puts it to a tune,
A tune saying, the song of life is worth living
Sing it well.

Diana Conway





By Dorie Blair

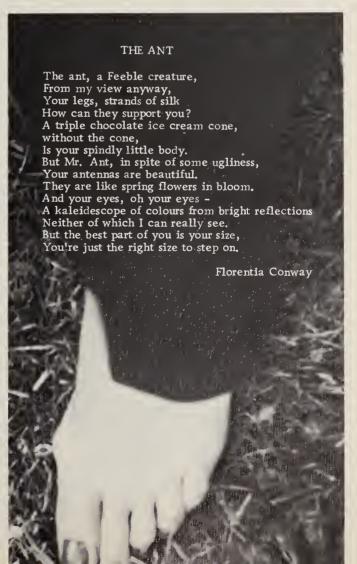
I wonder through the streets,
Combing the sidewalks for food,
My clothes are ragged,
My feet are covered with blisters.
I trip over an orange,
I pick it up and devour it Suddenly I find a house.
The house I was looking for.
I rap on the door
A lady asks me who I'm looking for I speak to her my name
She tells me I'm her son.

Joanna Abbatt

It's always hard to look at human relationships. But aren't they beautiful things. To respect someone for her authority and to love her for her caring philosophies on life. And as you are making your way along the road of life, you are meeting challenges and facing up to them. You are learning understanding; to accept someone for what she is inside, not outside. You are learning truth. And because you are bettering your soul you are a happier, more content person. You can say "Isn't she marvellous? She sat with me for two hours yesterday afternoon in the infirmary," even that very first time you walked into that all-important office at the end of the hall, you didn'nt know it - but someone wonderful - and ever so caring lives there.

Why do I cry as I write this memo to myself? Sometimes a "thank-you" doesn't work. But how to throw your arms a-round someone and say "Thank God for you. You're beautiful . . . " Roses die. Better perhaps, and more often than not, the eyes will meet in complete understanding; total togetherness.

Lesley Forrester



THE ODOURS OF CAMP

What I love about camp are the odours. In the morning when Iwake up - mmm - the breeze blows the aroma of bacon and coffee into my tent. I hurry to breakfast in hopes there will be some left and as I enter the dining room, it smells even better. There is no nicer way to start the camp day than with bacon and eggs, toast and coffee.

After a summer's rain, I adventure into the wood. The Pine branches glisten with the drops which were caught. They sparkle like diamonds and the dampness hangs heavily with the scent of the Pine. The fragrance stays in my mind long after camp is over and always comes back to me in winter when cross-country skiing through the Pine groves. Memories of overnight camping trips accompany the lingering odour.

During the rest hour, a new odour fills our tents. It is the smell of tuck, a mixture of chocolate, toffee and licorice. But soon the smell is replaced by the perfume of flowers. Daisies and lilacs fill the air with a sense of delicasy and I think how fortunate I am to be at camp where things seem so fresh and wild.

Before bed, we sit around the campfire, singing songs and toasting marshmallows. The fire glows an orange yellowish colour, like a harvest moon, filling our noses with the tingling heat of the flames. Suddenly, we are aware of an unpleasant odour. A skunk has met an enemy. We all depart for bed. And later, when I snuggle into my sleeping bag, I think of all the intermingling smells of camp, and peacefully drop off to sleep.

Jenni Johnson



The puppies arrived into the world individually gift wrapped, each one in his own plastic sac. As each one arrived, the mother carefully unwrapped it with feathery licks of her pink tongue. Free at last, each glistening, coal black bundle rested before searching for food. With anxious grunts and snorts they set out for the feeding station by paddling like little beavers. Proudly their mother tucked them in without any scolding about their greedy manners.

Debbie Masterman



FEROCIOUS WONDERINGS

l am a great ferocious lion, With a heart that's made of iron, Using razor teeth of lead, I bite great holes in people's heads. Jeronimo, 1 am by name, And far and wide is flung my fame-Of dangerous deeds and exploits bold, And far worse tales never told.

So gentle reader, skirt my path -My heart has only room for wrath, Eating people is my game, If you were 'et, t'would be a shame.

Penelope MacRae

HAIKU

The wind is changing Black clouds tumble across the sun A drop of rain.

Debbie Williams

Jago was Mickey's pet monster. Jago didn't really look like a monster, said Mickey, but he liked to be called one because it made him feel important.

No one ever saw Jago, except the little boy and he couldn't understand this. However, as no one could see Jago,

Mickey patiently explained to his family what Jago looked like.

"He has big wings that are coloured red and gold, with black rims around the edges. He has a round body with smooth pink skin and a funny belly button. He has two arms which he likes to place on his stomach. His head is round and he has big eyes, a bitty nose and he is always smiling. But really, Jago is a dragon. "

"A dragon, did you say?" questioned his mother.

"Yes, that's what I call him when I am mad at him, " Mickey replied.

"Why are you made at him, Mick," queried his father.

"Because today, when I was supposed to answer a question at school, he wouldn't tell me how."

"Mickey, you're five years old, can't you answer a question yourself?"

"At home I can, cause you all know about Jago, but at school, they don't know Jago and when I tell them about him, they laugh at me. That's why Jago helps me answer my questions."

"But today he didn't?"

"No. I asked him why later and he said it was because his feet were dirty and he was busy cleaning them," "I see", said his father, "However, it's time you ---" but Mickey's mother caught his eye so he didn't say anything. The Family went on eating.

Later, when Mickey had gone to bed, his parents talked.

"Stelle, he worries me, that boy. He doesn't mix with other children his age and takes no interest in the sports that boys should. He depends completely on this non-existent "Jago". "

"Oh Don, he's just a little boy still, with an imagination. He'll grow out of it, " she said, settling back in her

chair with an air of finality.

Shortly after Mickey's sixth birthday, he was stopped on his way home from school by some of the bigger boys in the neighbourhood. "Please let me go home," pleaded Mickey, "I gotta bring Jago home. He's not used to being all fluffed up for 'Show and Tell'".

The boys exchanged glances. "Yah, well . . . "muttered the big boy, "ya see, we didn't see your, uh, Jago"

"Yah kid, where's your pet monster?"

"He's on my shoulder and the reason you can't see him is because you don't look hard enough," Mickey defied

"No one else saw him either and we all think your nuts! You got a screw loose? I bet ya, you do and I bet ya, your head falls off!" This brought roars of laughter from the other children but Mickey didn't care. He knew and Jago

knew. He walked off with a knowing smile on his face.

Mickey's parents began to really worry. It had been too long. He was now seven and still chummed with Jago. And Jago still remained friends with Mickey. The two were inseperable. At dinner one evening, Mickey told his parents, "Jago told me last night that he would never leave me. He said he loved me and that I was his best and dearest friend. Friends, he said, are the most important treasures in the world, then he flew up on my shoulder and gave my forehead a kiss. He stayed sitting there all night. "

"Did he really?" his father questioned doubtfully.

"Oh yes," Mickey replied, with a sigh of joy. His parents only exchanged glances and fell silent.

One day when Mickey was nine, he no longer talked to Jago, even though Jago tried to talk to him. At dinner, Mickey didn't say anything about Jago, he only talked about hockey and football.

"How's Jago? inquired his father. "Jago?" Oh yah, well, I dunno. "

"You don't know?" his mother emphasized.

"No I don't," and Mickey fidgeted uneasily in his seat and asked to be excused.

Every night his father would repeat the question and every night, Mickey would answer "I dunno" and then leave the table.

Then one night Mickey's father said, "Don't you care about Jago anymore?"

"Nope." "Why not?"

"'Cause he's just a stupid ol thing and I don't ever see him and I don't care! Can I please go over to Jimmy's?"

"Yes dear, run along.

As Mickey ran off, his parents looked at one another, smiled and gave a sigh of relief. A big golden tear ran down Jago's cheek and feel to the floor, as his dearest friend disappeared out the door.

Slowly he flew away and stopped smiling.

Sheila Hurly

COMING TO ELMWOOD

When I was in my other school my mother told me that I was going to come to Elmwood, I was telling everybody what it was like and they thought having drinks and cookies at recess was great. They said I was very lucky. At last the day came when I was to start. I thought it was great. A few days later I got to know the prefects. I think they are really great. Now I think I know nearly everybody. I am enjoying it here at Elmwood.

Helen Richards

THE CUDDLY BABY DOLL

Once upon a rainy day. On an afternoon in May. There was a cuddly Baby Doll, Playing with a purple ball.

This so called cuddly Baby Doll, Had a sudden fatal fall. When she fell she obtained the hurt, That brought the end of poor old Gert.

Amanda Greenhalgh



THE MICMAC

We were the Micmac
We were the brave
The white men came
Drove us to our grave
The white men came
"They took away our native tongue
Taught their English to our young,"
Maybe some day when they go
We'll go back to what we used to know.

Barbara Clark

A PEOPLE'S PLIGHT

The white men came to conquer the land Upon which for years my wigwam stood Sending my people further inland Where the ground was rocky or thick with wood. He killed the buffalo and left it to spoil Until nothing was left for my people but toil He taught us to drink, until we were out of our minds And kept us on reservations for years at a time. In many battles they killed the red man Our numbers dwindled and our tribes ran The land we had loved became but a lever And our future as a people was lost forever. Oh how I wish I could return to the days When the water was pure and the air was clean And the Indian was free as the sun's shining rays To live out his life in a manner supreme.

Wendy McGillivray

THE SEAL

Far to the North, Where the sky is grey yet beautiful, An infinite carpet of snow, Covers the ground. The sun perpetually trying to come out Is faintly hidden by a soft blue mist, The gentle wind arousing Blows a fine snow across the field. Then behind the ice coated rock A touch of life is seen, While a family of three seals snuggled softly together, Sleeps undisturbed. The morning arrives with a splitting of clouds As the sun finally appears, And shines brightly on the earth, Awakening all to a new and beautiful day. The sleepy seals plop into a nice, cold pond Where breakfast plentifully awaits, And shaking their heads they hobble onto the shore Where they hastily eat their fish. The wind blows harder now As the snow turns into a blizzard, The three settle down once more For a long restful sleep. But awakening they soon scent danger, While looking upon a bloody mass, All beaten, bruised and dead. The two try to escape, But unsuccessful they too lie Stripped of their fur and dead. The sky is no longer a beautiful gray, But a black and evil colour, The ground is no longer a beautiful white, Untouched by human hands; But a blood stained, sickening sight, An unequal battle field.

"HUDSON'S BAY POINT BLANKET

sparse, tattered pine majestic, hiding lakes. quiet jewels dotted with moose big. moustaches of weed hanging from great lips. north rock cuts north dancing stream muskeg bear wonder throughout space - bush - land open smile buckskin home.

Janet Heywood

THE FANCY DRESS PARADE

On Friday afternoon from four o'clock to six o'clock, we celebrated Halloween at school.

At four, we changed into our costumes. Mrs. Danis put on make-up and paint, on anyone who wanted it.

I was a monster. I had a black sheet wrapped around me and a mask on top.

When everyone was ready we went down into the gym, which had been decorated by all the classes. Mrs. Wood was already in the gym and had organized the parade. All the teachers were dressed in Elmwood uniforms. There was going to be a prize given to the prettiest costume and the most original costume. We all danced around in a circle while Mrs. Harwood-Jones was playing the piano, while Mrs. Whitwill and Nancy judged us.

Finally, it was decided that Kim Got the prize for the prettiest as an old lady with a grey wig. Megan got the prize for the most original dressed as a ventriloquist.

We were then divided into teams and played a couple of games.

We had hamburgers, ice-cream and cake for supper. After supper, we watched the grade sevens and eight's doing skits and got a candy apple.

It was a great party, most of all the parade.

Felicity Smith.

KNOWING

The chracoal cat
Sleek and slim
glides silently about the house, knowing
all is quiet
her eyes alight with colour of the sea
in sunlight
glowing with knowledge
she saunters to a rug
and curls up
her eyes close slowly, mysterious with
knowing.

K. Ellis

Silent, cautions,
long, lithe limbs stretching
One foot feeling forward
pacing with a slow stride
down the stairs.
Arching of the back
ears pricked up, padded paws,
eyes of glass, staring
Silent, cautious,
Mysterious as a snake;
Who can tell how his mind works.
Keeping to himself
living as the individual
dependent on none
Silent, Cautious,
the Cat,

C. Cole

How did the fish grow?
And did you make the sun?
I wonder 'bout this every night
When the day is done
If I am good. You will be pleased
For with every good person
Is Jesus' burden eased.
I hope that every day
I grow and learn and
Come Your way.
love,

Carla, Amen. "If a thousand men were not to pay their taxes this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure as it would be to pay them and enable the state to commit violence and shed innocent blood."

Thoreau. 1852

SHOPPING

Chairs, tables
Books and vases,
Old men's pipes
And women's blouses,
Stoves, fridges
Carpets, rugs,
Cups and saucers
Glasses mugs,
Stupid people
Shopping, staring
Spending money,
What a waste.
St. Laurent, Westgate, Downtown too,
Have they nothing else to do?

Joanna Abbatt

Crazy Day

newspapers scream
while the politicians dream
of their days in the sun
with suzy and mum
going down on a jet
an official visit yet
and wasting our money away.

college profs teach
while the preacher starts to preach
about the evil of the man
and the everlasting plan
to end social prejudice
while wasting our minds away.

nixon's a-fixin'
to start a-mixin'
our boys with the yellers
armed with weapons poor fellers
while wasting our sons away.

and from your sheltered nest you feel for the rest who are part of the plan and what is the plan? why it's self-destruction, man.





The Death of Brother John

It was the first of May, (oh, mournful day) That Brother John did die. All round his bed His close friends read, Their bibles held up high.

To hide their tears, As death he nears And sighs his final sighs. The priest therin, Forgave his sin, And Johnny closed his eyes.

The mourners wept, As Johnny slept With hands as cold as ice. His moaning ceased, As God released John from his sacrifice.

The church bells ring,
The choirs sing,
Although he's dead and gone.
His bones now lay
In disarray,
His memory lingers on.

K. Hayes

YOUTH

I want to see
I want to feel
I want to be Me!
But above all - to be free!!
Restrictions mold me
For the world to enfold me,
But no!
I want to learn
What I want to know,
And when I'm older,
then I'll go,
Along the way Quietly.

Lesley Macmillan

BREAK.

Desks clanging, Bells ringing! Children jumping.

Lesley Ogilvie

A SHORT STORY

It must be ninety degrees out, and the wind rushes into the car to cool itself. Mirages evaporate as we speed past; highways and telephone cables wilt beneath the wide-eyed sun. Telephone poles drill, motionless, to their own hummed music. The fields shimmer all the way to the city and rejoin on the other side, like water around an island. An end now in sight, the road curves toward the city and runs on quicker than ever. Soon we arrive at the delta. Our pilot guides us safely through the channels and we stop for lunch near the outskirts of the city. I try to comb my hair, it's all worn and tattered from the panting wind.

The sky is high and pale as we head south-west. It is as hot as ever on the treeless plain, where silver granaries cast small shadows. Farms doze in the heat . . . farmhouses, barns, windmills, tree-lined driveways . . . all

silently waiting for evening.

We finally see the high, square house. The garden is blooming and growing, filled with peas, carrots, raspberries, flowers of all kinds. My grandmother had much to do while she lived in the farmhouse. But now she lives away to the north, where she and my grandfather have retired. The farm is rented to a neighbour, and we have come to see what my mother wants from the house and attic. Hopefully the farmer will be here to let us in . . . we no longer have a key.

There is no car at the back door, which is locked. The padlock is secure. Peggy looks in the red Scout, but only the ignition key is there. A coil of rope lies in the back, and some wire. The grass whispers, the trees hiss and roar. Our old tire-swing still dangles from the branch where we used to sit and eat carrots from the

garden and bark at the dog.

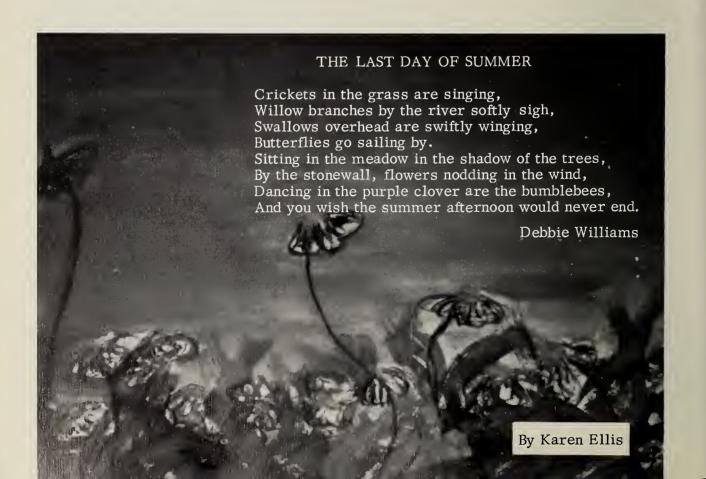
In the corner of the garden nearest the house there is a gap in the hedge. Here the Bells of Ireland still spread their green blossoms, but the hollyhock is gone. Others have checked the barn, machine shop, granaries. The farmer must be in the city. My grandparents did not phone him, and now the doors are locked.

At one time there was always a key under the front steps. Now it is trapped under the new concrete steps, unless it was taken away. Peggy prides herself on her lock-picking ability, and asks for a bobby-pin. There are none, so wire from the stair railing will have to do. After five minutes she gives up. We watch for the farmer's car. Nothing moves along the roads as far as we can see. Grandmother leaves a note for Percy, to tell we were there. I feel disappointed when we head back to the car; I think of the farm when it was alive . . . the garden carefully tended and harvested, the house open and welcoming, doors never locked. One can't help looking back to the past, even when it's of no use.

It must be ninety degrees outside, and the wind rushes into the car to cool itself. Dust swirls up as we speed past; telephone cables wilt beneath the wide-eyed sun. Behind us the farm has already settled into the distance.

By the time we reach the highway, it will be gone.

Roberta Laking





By Anne Stevenson

LIFE

The yielding sun has made a path of flowing richness In the sultry winter light,
A red-breasted robin plays,
The forest seems to come alive
Becoming something more and dearer than
An old friend.
The tinted light reflecting the shadows,
Playing softly in the dim,
Still light of an evening winter-time,
When man finds peace with himself.

Laurel Chick

COLOURS

Swirls of colours
mingling, forming
patterns of moods . . .
violet, purple, pink, orange
green and yellows
streaking the sky
encompassing beauty and glory . . .
a feeling of freshness, cool and quiet.
Sunset comes and the air becomes
chilly and the night descends . . .
swirls of colours mingling onto one continuous form
of delicacy . . .

Ingrid Sorensen

The setting sun shone with brilliance in the cold winter night. Icicles hung on the long and bare trees, Like a chandelier, cold and clear. The rays of the sun touched the monstrous snow covered mountains The air was filled with the life that would soon disappear. The colours red and black slowly combined into one, Leaving the rest of the world untouched.

Darknesss filled the once cloudless sky
And softly and silently the light of the world was turned off.
Now emptiness and loneliness filled the air.
The soft wind blew, leaving nothing untouched.
Only two small glistening lights could be seen against the black
But soon the darkness left as silently as it had once before.

Sonya Taticek



When I went out in
The Spring fields to
pick
The young greens for
you
Snow fell on my sleeves

Koko

Tomorrow I was
Going to the spring
meadows
To pick the greens
It snowed all day yesterday
And snowed all day today

Akahito

I am depressed by the cold weather I know the winter will be over soon, and I have not much to say. Writing these words is more like touching your arm.

Henry Graham

In the falling snow
A laughing boy holds out his palms
Until they are white.

Richard White

LIFE

In struggling we begin to perceive when we no longer seem capable of hanging on we thirst for the beauty of life -a picture paints a memory Dew drops on freshly sprug leaves, cherry blossoms resplendent. The air is alive and fragrant ushering forth a feeling of new life and awareness beauty surrounding us encompassing us, inescapable. It is there for us to live and feel, touch if our hearts only desire to open up Like a flowering petal green and hopeful heralding a being which will create a silent peace. The dawn purple and orange tinted, awakening our souls A new day creeps forward, the barriers of night are broken and light beams burst through the prisons.

Ingrid Sorensen

THE BUTTERFLY

A butterfly Golden and blue Dancing through daisies and tiger lilies, Gliding across a sunny meadow Under a clear blue sky. The butterfly floated downward From a stream of air that had carried it many miles. It landed on a storm-sewer lid In a gutter in a narrow allev. Tall grey walls looming up on either side, Curtained windows - eyes shut on the faces Of the buildings crowded together. A little child, sad eyes and ragged clothes, Gently lifted the butterfly And smiled as it flew away, A speck of brightness in his dark world.

Debbie Williams





"Teach us goodLord to serve thee as Thou deservest, to give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed the wounds, to toil and not to seek for rest, to labour and not to ask for any reward save that of knowing that we do Thy will."

Amen.

PSALM 10

Wherefore is it that thou, O Lord, dost stand from us afar?
And wherefore hidest thou thyself when times so troubled are?

Halts by me that footfall; Is my gloom, after all, Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly? "Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest, I am He Whom thou seekest! Thou dravest love from thee; Who dravest Me."

Taken from "The Hound of Heaven" by Francis Thompson

THE ESSENCE OF SPRING

Golden rays of sunlight stream through the clouds, A balmy breeze mingles with the fragrance of new spring flowers, The crack of ice breaking brings a rush of frothing waves, And then the steady beat of wings coming home from the south.

Keltie-Anne Johnston

THIRTY YEARS - IN THE LIFE OF JESSICA BOND

She was known by many names, by many men, in many countries. Even her birthdate was shrouded in mystery. Was she sixteen or sixty? The perfection of her porcelain skin betrayed nothing. What secrets had she learned with her five years spent with Tibetan monks? From what secret forces did she draw her power?

The man stood before the door, shivering from both fear and ecstacy. Even before he could raise his hand, the door had opened. She stood before him, radiant and naked. He fell to his knees, dazzled by the beauty which had humbled three continents.

She gazed at him disillusioned. She had memories of a man much more virile and much younger, but thirty years had shrunken the body once strong and whole.

It had been a night in Dubrovnik and the soft breezes of the sea had fanned their cheeks on the luxurious yacht anchored in the harbour. On the shore, balalicas played, the soft voices drifted across the water and they had loved the whole night long.

She looked at the man before her. Time had been unkind to him. He made a tentative movement to kiss her feet. She lifted her heavy lead ring towards him. Its sonic ray pierced his heart and reduced him to a fine dust, scarcely discernable on the cream coloured rug. She took a light step forward and ground her heel gently into the pile at her feet.

Penelope MacRae (taken from her Spanish essay "Treinta Anos".)

A BIT OF NONSENSE FOR WILLIAM

William was the King of Spain He entertained at dinner. Some of his guests were very fat, And some were a little thinner.

He poured them drinks and served them wine And pheasant under glass, They are with golden knives and forks, All very Upper Class!

But William knew why they kowtowed Impressed they were with sable, So he only asked the ones he liked To come and share his table.

They sat with him and lit his pipe When they had eaten all, William was a happy King His friends had come to call.

- Penny MacRae

OLD FRIENDS

Old friends, Old friends Sat on their park bench Like bookends. A newspaper blown through the grass Falls on the round toes On the high shoes Of the old friends. Old friends, Winter companions, The old men Lost in their overcoats, Waiting for the sunset. The sounds of the city, Sifting through trees, Settle like dust On the shoulders Of the old friends. Can you imagine us Years from today, Sharing a park bench quietly? How terribly strange To be seventy. Old friends, Memory brushes the same years, Silently sharing the same fear . . .

Simon and Garfunkel

I must always, always, have wanted that - simply to rejoice. How is it 1 never could? I know, I know. How long have I known? Or have I always known, in some far crevice of my heart, some cave too deeply buried, too concealed? Every good joy I might have held, in my man or any child of mine or even the plain light of morning, of walking the earth, all were forced to a standstill by some brake of proper appearances - oh, proper to whom? When did 1 ever speak the heart's truth?

Pride was my wilderness, and the demon that led me there was fear. I was alone, never anything else, and never free, for I carried my chains within me, and they spread out from me and shackled all I touched. Nothing can take away those years.

Margaret Laurence The Stone Angel

Little soul, gentle and drifting, guest and companion of my body, now you will dwell below in palid places, stark and bare; there you will abandon your play of yore. But one moment still, let us gaze together on these familiar shores, on these objects which doubtless we shall not see again . . . Let us try, if we can, to enter into death with open eyes

Marguerite Yourcenar HADRIAN'S MEMOIRS

SONGS TO AGING CHILDREN COME

Through the windless wells of wonder By the throbbing light machine In a tea leaf trance or under Orders from the king and queen Songs to aging children come Aging children, I am one People hurry by so quickly Don't they hear the melodies In the chiming and the clicking And the laughing harmonies Songs to aging children come Aging children, I am one Some come dark and strange like dying Crows and ravens whistling Lines of weeping, strings of crying So much said in listening Songs to aging children come Aging children, I am one Does the moon play only silver When it strums the galaxy Dying roses will they will their Perfumed rhapsodies to me Songs to aging children come This is one

Joni Mitchell



By Lillian Freiman

Give us too a cause! We who have sifted the world through arid fingers, Probed everything, found nothing, Never the thing we sought With yearning like sandy throat for smooth cold water, Found only sand, Tasteless sand, not even bitter . . . We who have talked through days, nights, barren seasons, Said everything, emptied our hearts and minds out In sourceless dry streams of words And still said nothing, Never found the one word Our speech ran after, The potent word, the complete answer To a billion circling questions. Give us too a faith . . . a reason for living, one reason, Or a reason for dying; Make some shape from the shapeless sand, Give us a vision... even us, the doubters...

Over our aimless desert. (Firm that we know it no mirage) A cross like a certain star in an empty sand-whipped sky. Give us a certain star in an empty sand-whipped sky. Give us a cause. Given it, let us follow, Run, though the sand slide under foot, slip us back, Hamper us, Till we come to the bound of the desert, The perpetual river set in unchangeable course, And deep in the current, the long strong water, lose The last dry grain from the ear, from the solaced eye, Most blessedly lose our selves.

Anne Marriott

I AM A ROCK

A winter's day In a deep and dark December -I am alone Gazing from my window To the streets below On a freshly fallen silent shroud of snow. I am a rock; I am an island. I build walls, A fortress deep and mighty That none may penetrate. I have no need of friendship; Friendship causes pain. Its laughter and its loving I disdain. I am a rock; I am an island. Don't talk of love. Well, I've heard the word before; It's sleeping in my memory. I won't disturb the slumber Of feelings that have died. If I'd never loved, I never would have cried. I am a rock; I am an island. I have my books And my poetry to protect me. I am shielded in my armour, Hiding in my room Safe within my tomb. I touch no one and no one touches me. I am a rock; I am an island. And a rock feels no pain, And an island never cries.

DEATH OF THOUGHT FROM STARVATION

To have no food for our heads, No food for our hearts, Food for our activity, is that nothing? If we have no food for the body, How do we cry out, How all the world hears of it. How all the newspapers talk of it, With a paragraph headed in great Capital letters -Death From Starvation. But suppose we were to put a paragraph in the Times - Death of Thought From Starvation, or Death of Moral Activitiy From Starvation, How people would stare, How they would laugh and wonder.

Florence Nightingale

ADDRESS UNKNOWN

My home is a shifting sandbar
On a dark and boundless sea;
No one knows my whereabouts No one, including me.
W. J.
Kingston Penitentiary





Lynne Sampson, Penny MacRae, Pat Mullen, Nancy Worthen.

Valedictory Address, 1972

For the Grade Thirteens today is the end of an unforgettable experience, an experience which has helped to lay the foundation for our unpredictable futures.

It wasn't until last Saturday at the Ashbury closing that I really realized that the end was drawing near. It's funny, I still don't realize that I'm not coming back next Fall. My life will never be quite complete without tearing through the hallowed halls of Elmwood at five to nine, collecting the senior school for prayers and yelling up to the third floor, "come on, you guys, let's go!", which usually started the Grade Thirteens meandering down to prayers.

This year has been a long hard year for our class, we always seemed to have an essay due or a test to study for. But along with all the work came a lot of good times: sitting around the common room listening to Titch's recitations from "The Sensuous Woman", Janet's constant references to "Donald" and Marissa's love for Paul - or was it Boris? No one will ever really be sure. I think Grade Thirteens most extatic burst was the day Mrs. Davies informed us of our release from compul-

sory June examinations. And for that we would like to thank all the Grade Thirteen teaching staff.

I would like to say a few words about the prefects - they were the greatest! I honestly felt at times that we worked as a unit the whole year. I won't say we were the most vocal prefect body but we spoke when we felt it necessary. I think the most memorable event was the week the whole school, teachers, girls and even Liza got together and had a Spirit Week, one of little work and a lot of fun. I think that week helped a lot of us get to know more people than the ones who just lived in "our little groups". That's one nice thing about a private school, you can get to know a lot of people. The administration of Elmwood is willing to help the students get a feeling of being one large unit, something you won't find at a high school.

This year has been a good year for change at Elmwood. We have finally got the phone Ara has strived for as long as I can rmemeber, we have been allowed to let our hair down and we've got a smoking area for Grades eleven to thirteen. I personally felt these were all necessary changes.

At Easter this year, Mrs. Davies took fifteen of us to Austria for some skiing, we all had a fantastic time. 1 think Mrs.

Davies' most memorable moment was her run at Kaprun, straight down.

Well, 1 promised this would be short, I would just like to thank Pat Mullen, our senior prefect, who I have enjoyed working with. "After 8 years" Ollie is leaving Elmwood, she had become almost a permanent fixture in the school, a fixture I know the school will really miss.

And Marnie Edwards, who was not only worked hard as a prefect but also, as editor of the school magazine, a job which

has taken much of her time.

On behalf of the Grade Thirteens, I would also like to thank Mrs. Davies. She put up with a lot from us, it must seem as if we never had a happy moment, someone always seemed to have something to complain about but Mrs. Davies always smoothed things out. She's been great to us.

And Mrs. Whitwill - thank you for being so patient and understanding with our demands this year. I have always felt that you respected us and listened to what we were asking. It's a good feeling to have respect from a woman as wonderful as Mrs.

Whitwill.

As for the school - well - what do you say. They've made my year as Head Girl all that it was. It was an honor and a pleasure to be Elmwood's Head Girl this year. Thank you.



Closing June 1972 Awards

FORM PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE HIGHEST AVERAGE FOR THE YEAR

JUNIOR PRIZE FOR PROGRESS Joyce Eaglesom

Judy Martin

JUNIOR PRIZE FOR EFFORT Jane Scarth

JUNIOR JUNIOR DRAMA Elizabeth Camp

JUNIOR DRAMA Jennifer Harris

SENIOR DRAMA Nancy Gall

MOTHERS' GUILD PUBLIC SPEAKING PRIZE -JUNIOR JUNIOR - Deborah Desjardins RUNNER UP - Joyce Eaglesome

JUNIOR - Lindsay Price RUNNER UP - Sonya Taticek

INTERMEDIATE - Susan Atack

SENIOR - Sheri Price

JUNIOR JUNIOR SEWING - Leslie Banner

JUNIOR SEWING - Joanna Abbatt

JUNIOR ART - Jane Burke-Robertson

INTERMEDIATE ART - Deborah Williams

SENIOR ART - Ann Stevenson HONOURABLE MENTION - Isabel Douglas

Nancy Gall

SCRIPTURE

Keltie Johnston Kathy Whitham Barbara Coyne Judith Bisiker Form 2A/3B Form 4A Form 3A Form 4C Cathy Harris Emily Conway Form SC Form 5B Form 4B Donna Lurtz

JUNIOR CHOIR - Karen Ellis

SENIOR CHOIR - Wendy Hampson

JUNIOR MUSIC - Barbara Ballantyne

INTERMEDIATE MUSIC - Virginia Dunsby

SENIOR MUSIC - 5heri Price

INTERMEDIATE GERMAN - Marianne Cuhaci

JUNIOR FRENCH PRIZE - Daria Doubek

JUNIOR FRENCH PRIZE (for keen interest) Carla Peppler

INTERMEDIATE MATH & SCHIENCE - Heather McIntosh

ROTHWELL SC ENGLISH PRIZE - Christina Cole

BELL RINGER'S PRIZE - Shelagh Hurley

LAIDLER CUP

Awarded to the girl who, not necessarily the highest in the form in studies or sports, has made her mark on the Junior School by her good character and dependability. It is given to a girl who can be relied upon at any time, and is always helpful and thoughtful of others. Awarded to: Karen Ellis and Susan Reid

MRS. WOOD'S PRIZE

For someone whose qualities have added to Mrs. Wood's appreciation and enjoyment of her form - sound common sense and a sense of humour, Awarded to: Barbara Clark

Form 2A Heather Lawson Form 4A Sonya Taticek Form 3B Kim Nawrath Form SC Ranjana Basu Deborah Williams Daphne Snelgrove Form 3A Form 4C Vicki Gall Form SB Form 5A Felicity Smith Form 4B Susan Sourial 6 Matric Daintry Smith

PROFICIENCY STANDING - 80% and over up to and including SB 75% and over in SA, 6M and 6U

Form 3B Helen Richards Form 3B Form 3A Barbara Ballantyne Francesca Coe Form 4C Emily Conway Elizabeth Camp Amanda Greenhalgh Hazel Eaglesome

Jennifer Johnston Virginia Lamont Form 4B Deborah Masterman Megan Chappell Raine Phythian Form 4A Cynthia Cowan

Gail Adams Karen Ellis Joanna Abbatt Angela Cvetanovic Judy Martin

Christina Cole

Shelagh Hurley

Barbara Coyne

Heather McIntosh Virginia Dunsby Deborah Baxter Deborah Chappell Katherine Whitham Susan Atack Marianne Cuhaci Mary Benson Sandra Kovachic Donna MacPhee

Lindsay Price

Florentia Conway

Ailsa Francis Carla Peppler Sandra Sutherland

Keltie Johnson Barbara Clark

Mimi Singh

Caroline Waudby-Smith Laurel Chick

Janet Haywood Elizabeth Marion Roberta Laking

Talitha Fabricius Cathy Ashton Heather Nesbitt

6 Matric Sheri Price Rehana Khan Sheila Bolton

Form SC

Form SB

Form SA

6 Upper

Nancy Gall Lynne 5ampson Jane Micklethwaite Diana Magee Marissa Goebbels Inge Uhrenbacher

Alison Urie Patricia Lynch-Staunton Rosamund Morgan

Alison Green

Ara Nixon

Lourdes liminez

5arah Whitwill Penny MacRae Beatrice Hampson Molly Marion

Marnie Edwards

10% IMPROVEMENT

Form 4C Deborah Desjardins Angela Cvetanovic Form 4A Mimi Singh Daria Doubek

Keltie Johnson Deborah Baxter Form 5C Catherine Guthrie Form 5B Form SA

Patricia Lynch-Staunton Joy Ramcharan Form 6M

SOUTHAM CUP FOR JUNIOR ENDEAVOUR

Awarded for the highest endeavour in all phases of school life in the Junior School. It is the equivalent of the Summa Summarum in the Senior School. It is given to the girl who best lives up to the ideals of Elmwood, who shows leadership, good standing in her class, keeness in sports and friendliness and helpfulness to others in the school. Awarded to: Cynthia Cowan

SPORTS AWARDS

GREEN FORM DRILL CUP Form 4B - Wendy McGillivray

SYMMINGTON INTER-HOUSE BASKETBALL - Nightingale

THOMAS INTERMEDIATE INTER-HOUSE BASKETBALL - Nightingale

SENIOR INTERHOUSE VOLLEYBALL - Keller

INTERMEDIATE INTER-HOUSE VOLLEYBALL - Fry

JUNIOR INTER-HOUSE VOLLEYBALL - Fry

INTER-HOUSE SPORTS CUP - Frv

DANIEL'S SENIOR BADMINTON - Wendy Hampson

CANADA FITNESS AWARDS OF EXCELLENCE

Ros Morgan, Daniela von Mirbach, Ara Nixon, Daphne Snelgrove, Sandra Kovachic, Shelagh Hurley, Susan Atack, Beverley Woods, Sonya Taticek, Laurel Chick, Judy Martin, Carole Waudby-Smith, Kim Teron, Gail Adams, Susan Sourial, Ailsa Francis, Felicity Smith.

WILSON SENIOR SPORTS CUP - Ara Nixon

DUNLOP INTERMEDIATE SPORTS CUP - Janis Robertson

FAUQUIER JUNIOR SPORTS CUP - Sonya Taticek

CROWDY-WEIR BANTAM SPORTS CUP - Sara EIIis

MAYNARD SPORTSMANSHIP CUP SENIOR - Alison Schofield

MAYNARD SPORTSMANSHIP CUP JUNIOR - Jennifer Johnston

PHYSICAL EDUCATION GOLD MEDAL - Shelagh Hurley

HOUSE HEAD AWARDS Fry Keller

Keller Nightingale Ingrid Sorensen Jane Micklethwaite Jane Ginsberg

EDITH BUCK RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE PRIZE - Sheila Bolton

SENIOR MATRICULATION LATIN PRIZE - Marissa Goebbels

MATRICULATION GEOGRAPHY PRIZE - Rehana Khan

MATRICULATION SPANISH PRIZE - Penelope MacRae

MATRICULATION GERMAN PRIZE - Roberta Laking and Daphne Snelgrove

SENIOR MATRICULATION MATHS PRIZE - Diana Magee

SENIOR MATRICULATION SCIENCE PRIZE - Sarah Whitwill

SENIOR MATRICULATION HISTORY PRIZE - Jane Micklethwaite

SENIOR MATRICULATION ENGLISH PRIZE - Marnie Edwards

SENIOR MATRICULATION FRENCH PRIZE - Beatrice Hampson

SENIOR MATRICULATION GERMAN PRIZE - Inge Uhrenbacher

GREEN BLATT 6 MATRIC ENGLISH PRIZE - Nancy GaII

FIRESTONE 5A MATRICULATION LATIN PRIZE - Roberta Laking

HIGHEST PROFICIENCY IN 6 UPPER SCIENCE PROGRAMME - Lynne Sampson

HIGHEST PROFICIENCY IN 6 UPPER ARTS PROGRAMME - Penelope MacRae

OLD GIRLS' HOUSE MOTTO PRIZE

Fry "Friendship to All" - Leslie Forrester Keller "Fair Play" - Susan Cohen Nightingale "Not for Ourselves Alone" - Ann Perley-Robertson WINNER: Susan Cohen

GRAHAM FORM TROPHY - Forms 4C and 3A

HOUSE TROPHY - Keller House Head - Jane Micklethwaite

EDWARD'S PRIZE FOR GOOD GENERAL IMPROVEMENT - Luziah

ALL-ROUND CONTRIBUTION TO SCHOOL LIFE - Ara Nixon

BEST OFFICER'S CUP - Marnie Edwards

SHEILD TO - Daniela von Mirbach

HEADMISTRESS' PRIZE - Ann MacDonald

EWING CUP FOR CHARACTER - Penelope MacRae

PHILPOT TOKEN

Awarded to the girl who by her spirit and ideals and charm of manner, sets her mark upon the school in the spirit of service freedom and fair play. Awarded to: Patricia Mullen

SUMMA SUMMARUM

Awarded to the Senior girl who has tried most faithfully to live up to the ideals and best traditions of the school and who possesses the qualities of integrity, trustworthiness, the spirit of comradeship and the capacity to achieve. Awarded to: Nancy Worthen





"Where is the yesterday that worried us so?"





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Mrs. Paul McGaw

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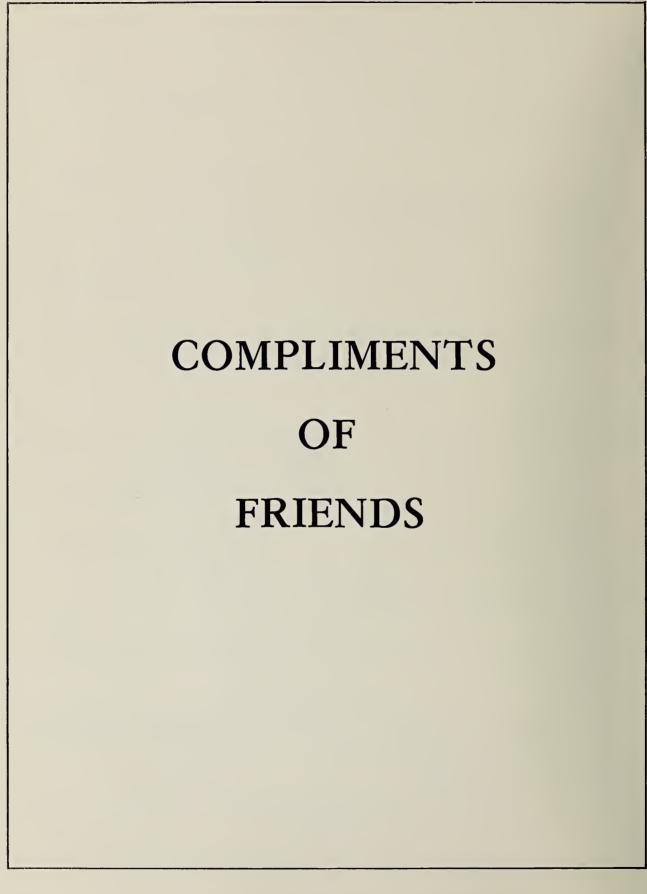
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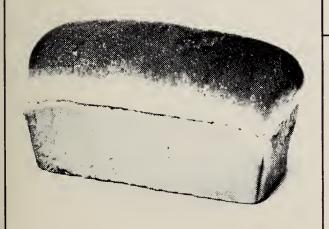
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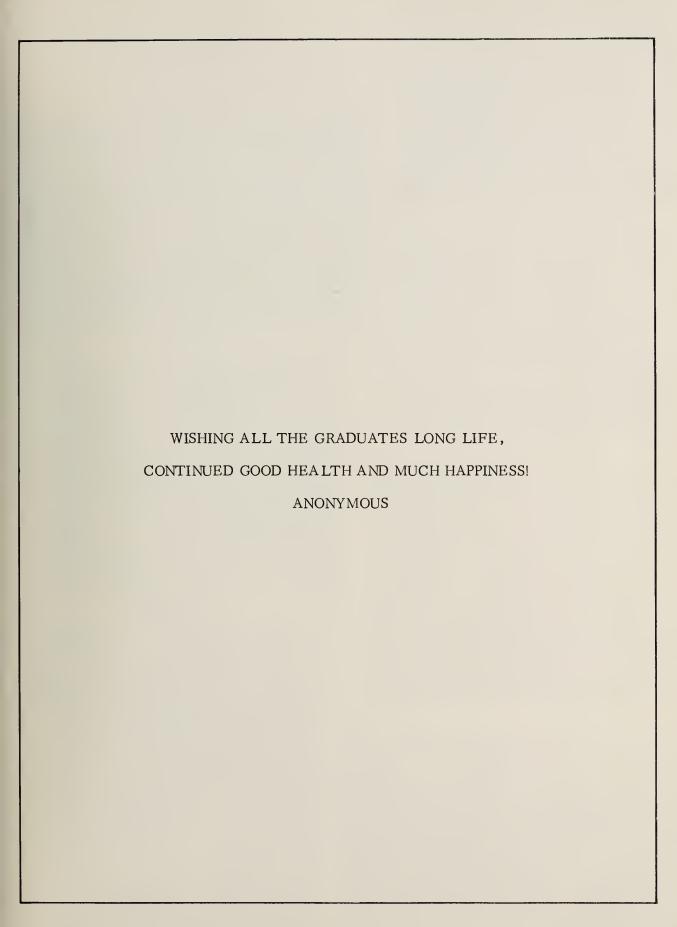


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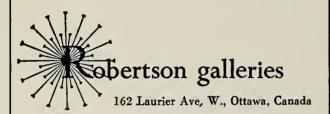
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FINANCIAL EDITOR

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Lynne

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"All this was a long time ago, I remember, And I would do it again."

T. S. Elliot





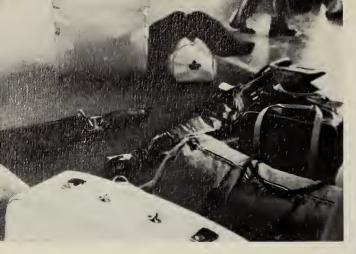












Remember Austria and everything that went on?
Remember how we wanted to stay, the bus we rented and the trips we took?
Remember it all and the friends that share the memory.









Remember Janet's
"Donald"
"David"
and
"Lambie?"



Remember cherry cakes and the theme song for Mrs. Davies:

"I'll be with you in cherry blossom time, I'll be with you to change your name to mine Someday we'll find, A cherry so fine-----"

There are so many things to remember and it is impossible to remember them all, but perhaps a few of the following will spark a memory in some of you. No order of sequence - just echoes of the past.

"Ingrid, a new term, a fresh start!" . . . Remember the two early birds who rose at six, were at school by seven and never did catch the worm? . . . Marissa, do remember among your many flames, your original love called Raphael. . . . Galibardi, eh Marnie? . . . Telapathetic, eh Diana? . . . "Lord of the Flies" (Simon the Saint, Ralph the hero; Piggy a victim and Jack the

Saint, Raiph the hero; Piggy a victim and Jack the corrupted)... "Odour of Chrysanthe mums"... Busto... Sallie 's baking... St. Joan... Simon Stimson... Cookie Monsters... "My Favourite Things" sung by Mrs. D. and Mrs. B... one solid leg... "Two Solitudes" and those informative debates... "Silly nit"... "Lunatic"... "getting shirty"... "up-staged"... "God Save the Queen"... Louis and Napoleon... Dr. Kaitell's classes... Prayers with the "Doctor" and prayers with the Prefects... Leslie Forester's "Groovy"... Mrs. Grill's music classes... The time Marnie and Nancy painted each other blue... The time Roe-Roe locked Mrs. Grill's in the music room and tied Janet to the chair... The time Janet had her sleeve ripped off in the true "Ben Hur" fashion... Janet, remember your birthday surprises?... Swimming at Sallie's in double English... Diana, remember the hours of English discussion and all those profound conclusions... Remember the day Marnie "sung out" the answers (literally) to Mrs. Brokenshire...



REMEMBER:

Leslie, our Sensuous woman Shelly, who liked to pluck turkey feathers Lesley F. and her rum essence Janie G. and her pet names for Diana Marissa and her "potential for evil". Nancy K. and her Raggedy Anne dolls Diana and her trips to Toronto Jane M. and her fabulous History essays Olwyn's Happy-Go-Luckiness Penny's perfect morning attendance Marnie's ears that turned red Nancy W. and her love for T.S. Elliot Sarah and her baking Janet and her "quiet ways" Ollie (Pat) and her double jointed body Lynne and her logic Ingrid and her love for children Inge and her love of school Molly and Beatrice!!!!!



Remember Worth, how you walked to every store in the city with me to find the black ribbon for "Miss In Form" and "Miss Blithe Spirit" . . . Remember "Romeo and Juliet" . . . Mrs. D's red Cortina . . . Marriage Counselling . . . Mad Hatter . . . "Baby Sitting" eh Diana? . . . The "W. C." . . . K-K . . . J-J . . . Ray-Ray . . . Roe-Roe . . . The Big Four . . . Geography classes with Mrs. M. . . . Nancy King and her knitting . . . Theadora's Diary and Caligula . . . Remember all that "Classics In Translation". The Iliad by Homer . . . Biology classes with Mrs. Milles and all the Ashbury boys . . . Remember 6 UM . . . Mrs. Davies' pen and how it disappeared. Check your desk, Mrs. D!! . . . Remember that rousing voice first thing in the morning - "Come on you guys! Prayers! Let's go!" . . . Remember Worth, the trip to "Shirley Leishmans" in uniform, only to find ourselves in the Book Nook Remember Bea, the brownies and the window and our trip to Toronto . . . Remember Bea, the War Memorial? . . Leslie Forrester's trip to Parliament with(out) the rest of the history class . . . Remember cooking with Mrs. Beattie and Adosinda . . . Remember Meals on Wheels and "the sister who teaches math" . . . Remember Olwyn's blue streak for talking in the morning . . Only Anne MacDonald can touch the tip of her nose with her tongue . . . The moldy growths in the tea cups . . . Our toaster and jam pots . .

Remember our sunny Grade 12 common room and all the discussions that became so topical . . . Remember our gym walks and broom ball games . . . Remember Pat's spider walk and her "eight long" years at Elmwood . . . Remember the days of the boarding school . . . Remember our 6U common room and the record player that never worked . . . Remember the Golding-Salenger debates... Remember Boris... Remember Kafka's "The Trial" . . . Remember Leslie Tench and her naturally curly hair . . . Remember Sarah and her typing classes. . Remember Leslie T-- "Peace" . . . Hi Jan, B----ts. . . . Remember Mrs. John and Jani Flea . . . Remember sweet Liza . . . Remember the best remedy for anything -- a cup of tea and two aspirin . . . Remember Carol Burnette's "George and Zelda?" . . . Remember Marissa (in general) . . . "Molly was spawned in the cesspools of Marakesh". . . . Wednesday Morning . . . Mrs. D: -- Janie, did you enjoy your sleep in prayers this morning? . . . Janie: --- I wasn't sleeping. I was praying for inner strength . . . Remember Chris Hasse--our Spanish whiz--it's not fair, she studies! . . . When she left, it was up to Penny and Janet . . . Re-member Mrs. Davies, "We are all God's children"... Remember----...





TO JANIE GINSBERG MAY THESE BE YOUR BLESSINGS

Whatever paths you follow, May these blessings come your way -Cherished friends and loved ones To brighten every day, Work that makes you happy, Rest that makes you strong, A sense of humor to see you through Whenever things go wrong, The strongest faith, the brightest hopes That Heaven can impart, Serenity and wisdom, An understanding heart, An awareness of life's beauty, An answer to your prayers, And the blessed reassurance That God understands and cares.

Barbara Burrow



And Christmas too, was a happy time We gave gifts and the tree sparkled with tinsel and coloured shining balls of glass. The halls echoed with laughter and singing, everyone anticipating holidays and fun - Christmas was a happy time.



Goodbye Mrs. Earle and thank you - especially for always giving 6 Upper another chance to redeem themselves after one of us would forget to bring the tray down. Elmwood will miss you.

BOOKENDS THEME

Time it was,
And what a time it was,
It was...
A time of innocence,
A time of confidences.
Long ago... it must be...
I have a photograph
Preserve your memories;
They're all that's left you.

Simon and Garfunkel



For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

